

# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC.

*anglo-saxons are crying.—Speaking the truth in love.*

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## Stanzas for Music.

### CHANGING KEYS.

Through the autumn woods the wind is sighing—

"Summer has flown!"

From the grey-hung skies the swallows flying,

Leave me alone.

Far from thee my heart is still repeating

One sad refrain;

"Dear one, when shall be our next glad meeting?

Never again!"

Through the russet leaves the sun is striking

His golden rays;

Robin from the thinning boughs is singing

Glad hymns of praise.

Brighter thoughts, my sombre mood surprising,

Forbid despair;

Fresh from graves of buried fears arising,

Hopes blossom fair.

ROSLIE WALLS.

September 1884.

## Miss Anna Williams.

THIS lady, who occupies so high a position in the musical profession, comes of a family both artistic and literary. Her father, Mr. William Smith Williams, may be described as the discoverer of Charlotte Brontë; it was through his influence that *Jane Eyre* was published. She has a brother who is very clever with his pencil; a portrait by him of Leigh Hunt has been engraved. All her family were or are more or less musical; and at the present moment she has a nephew, fourteen years of age, who is studying at the Royal College of Music, and who gives signs of promise. Her mother was a woman of strong character. Miss Anna Williams possesses excellent pictures of her father and mother, by the painter Lowes Dickinson, and a glance at them suffices to show that it is from her father she inherits her artistic, and from her mother her practical qualities. She is a hard worker, and an enthusiastic worker, and fully deserves all the success which has fallen to her lot. It is true that she has been fortunate, but many people have opportunities, yet lack the power or the perseverance to take proper advantage of them. An enthusiastic friend heard Miss Williams sing at an amateur concert in 1872, and gave her a hundred pounds to go and study singing in Italy. There she worked hard under a master whom she herself has described as "no flatterer, and hard to please." She returned to England at the end of 1873, and made a successful *début* at the Crystal Palace on January 17, 1874.

Here is another specimen of her good fortune. She was once travelling by rail to Wales. In

the carriage was a lady who entered into conversation with her, and soon became very chatty. On parting, the lady expressed a hope that Miss Williams would pay her a visit whenever she came to Birmingham. Some time afterwards Miss Williams called at her house. The lady's husband also took great interest in her, and he happened to be an important member of the Birmingham Festival Committee. Miss Williams naturally feels that her engagement to the Festival of 1879 was, in great measure, owing to the chance meeting in the railway carriage.

Miss Williams made her first festival appearance at Worcester in 1878; then came Norwich in the same year, Birmingham in 1879, and Leeds in 1880. And so we could go on, for there are few festivals of importance, from that time down to the present, in which she has not taken part. These constant engagements speak for themselves as to the satisfactory character of the lady's performances.

Miss Williams has been for many years associated with Dr. C. H. H. Parry's music. She took part in the production of "Prometheus Unbound" at Gloucester in 1880, and she has interpreted his songs at Mr. Dannreuther's musical evenings at Orme Square. Some of them have been dedicated to her—amongst others, the dramatic one, "Where shall the lovers rest?" It is therefore fitting that she should be chosen to sing in his new oratorio, "Judith." She has, besides concerted music, a fine solo in the second scene of the first act, when Judith appears before Meshullemeth, wife of King Manasseh, and another one in the second scene of the second act, when she prays to the God of Israel, before going forth to deliver her people from the Assyrians. Her clear powerful voice ought to tell well in the dramatic opening of the latter number.

Miss Williams, through the influence of her early training, is naturally fond of Italian music. While she was in Naples, Verdi's "Aida" was played there for the first time, and it is not difficult to understand that she soon got to like his works. In her only appearance in opera in the Carl Rosa troupe, she sang in "Trovatore."

But her love for Italian music does not prevent her from admiring the German masters. Only talk to her about the wonderful songs of Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, etc., and she becomes quite enthusiastic. It is a matter of regret to her that so few of the best songs of these masters are heard here. Certain ones have become favourites, and the others are neglected. "And then," as she once remarked to the writer of this notice, "it is so difficult to introduce them here, for generally you are told what you *must* sing; the artist *may* not choose."

Miss Williams has not been spoilt by success. She is fond of her art for its own sake, and she feels it a duty as well as a pleasure always to do her best. "I am constantly dissatisfied with myself," we once heard her say; and this is the proper spirit in which an artist should work, and one which brings progress and increase of fame.

## Souvenirs of an Impresario.

BY MAURICE STRAKOSCH.

### CHAPTER XVIII.

#### STARS AND AGENTS.

THE financial failures of Italian Opera have often been ascribed to what is called the star system; and there is no doubt that the difficulties of theatrical administration are greatly increased by the immense salaries now demanded by artists; but, unfortunately, at present there is no remedy, although some modification may possibly be effected. We cannot do without the stars, therefore we must accept the situation, such as it is, until some cure or palliation can be found. The stars have been created by the impresarios, who have themselves introduced the system from which they now suffer. The public only go to the opera when some celebrated singer is announced on the bills; for that night, no matter what the artist's salary may be, the director will cover his expenses, for the house will be full: but to-morrow? The receipts will fall to half or a quarter of the amount; and as the star only sings twice in a week, it follows naturally that the expenses of the nights in which she does not appear swallow up the profits of the two full houses. I would never counsel directors against employing the highest artists; but I believe that these artists can and must make concessions, in their own interest, without which the maintenance of Italian Opera will become impossible. It must be borne in mind that the regular management of a theatre is very different from provincial and foreign tours, where an impresario, in fact, exhibits great artists whose reputations have been made in London or Paris; and the public will pay any price to hear a phenomenal singer. In this case the star may demand the most exaggerated terms, and will be justified by the enthusiasm of her foreign admirers. In these tours the value of the star is unquestionable; but it is quite otherwise in a permanent theatre, where success cannot be secured by a single star, and where the profits are necessarily limited. It is not my intention to depreciate the stars; like precious stones, operatic stars are rare; they must combine qualities so exceptional that one can only count some half a dozen in the whole world at the same time. The singer who would become a star must possess a marvellous voice, great dramatic talent, and the charm of personal beauty; she must be able to sway her public, and beyond all this she must have an iron constitution. Her health will be most severely tested by the operas of the present day, and by the constant travelling, without repose or relaxation, which every star must undergo. The travels of an artist are like those of the wandering Jew, with this important difference, however, that instead



of the five cents of the legendary wanderer, the star receives £1000! A favourite prima donna will sing one day on the banks of the Thames or the Seine; next week she is on the banks of the Neva; fifteen days later we find her beside the Tagus; and still she journeys on.

She sings for the Mormons, as well as for the Emperor of Russia; and will visit in the same year California, Mexico, and Australia; she hurries north and south, and her health appears uninfluenced by the changes of climate. Such an artist will often have large sums of money in her cash-box, but they say that, like the urn of the Danaides, it is never full because it has so many holes through which the hard-earned gold melts away.

Let us suppose a coalition between operatic directors, who should fix a maximum salary such as the great stars would not accept: what then? New talents would be discovered; after a time the public would accept them; and as the enjoyment of music has become a necessity to civilised nations, a really good interpretation at a reasonable price would satisfy the public demand. Has not the opera of Paris furnished an instance of the reform whose necessity is admitted by all who have studied the subject? and can we withhold our entire approval of the system inaugurated by Messieurs Ritt and Gailhard? M. Ritt has proved his capacity as director, and M. Gailhard, though he is much missed on the stage, where he was so successful, has brought together an excellent company, who have given admirable representations of "The Cid," Massenet's *chef d'œuvre*, "Sigurd," Reyer's fine opera, and Paladilhe's "Patrie."

Much of the responsibility for the present deplorable state of things rests upon the agents, who have led the artists into this habit of ruinous emoluments; and their own fees increase in proportion to the amount of the salaries gained by their clients. They will soon find that, on pain of killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, they must abandon their mistaken idea that the fate of Italian Opera depends solely upon the stars. The worst of it is, that the singers fancy themselves Patti or Nilsson, and although their qualities do not equal their lofty pretensions, they expect the same salaries. If a director could be found able to induce Mme. Patti and Mme. Nilsson to sing on alternate nights, his fortune would be made; but when one or other of these artists is replaced by inferior singers who demand equal terms, ruin is almost certain to follow. To such exceptional singers as Patti and Nilsson one must bow; but when the twilight of their glorious career arrives, when they have left the stage, they will not easily be replaced, although the cry, "The king is dead, long live the king," is as true for stars as for sovereigns; and we may hope that the Divas of the future will content themselves with salaries which it will be possible for managers to pay without ruining themselves.

The stars cannot dispense with agents; it is necessary that they should have some one beside them to watch over their interests, and save them from business anxieties; but in this matter many reforms are needed. Each artist has an agent, and the most celebrated of them all was Mr. Jarrett, who died lately at Buenos Ayres, where he was travelling with Mme. Sara Bernhardt in a tour organized by M. Grau. In private life, no one could be more agreeable than Mr. Jarrett, and no one more hospitable than he was in his house in Tavistock Square, London, where his daughter presided so gracefully. But Mr. Jarrett, the business man, was quite another person; his only consideration was the interest of his client. One might have written over the door of his office a quotation from Dante, with a

slight circumstantial alteration:—"All hope abandon, directors who enter to negotiate." Mr. Jarrett allowed only one privilege to the director who contracted with an artist under his charge—that of paying the stipulated salary with scrupulous punctuality. Mr. Jarrett died a rich man, but he commenced his career in the modest position of third cornet in the Covent Garden orchestra, not a violinist, as has been wrongly supposed; he told me one day in conversation how he had made his fortune. We were standing at a window watching the sparrows in the garden. "You see," said he, "I am something like these birds; I pick up a grain here and there, and at last grow fat."

It is needless to add that Mr. Jarrett was a very clever man. The following may be taken as a specimen of the conditions which he imposed upon directors who engaged with a great artist under his care. In addition to his salary, the director was to pay all hotel expenses. The prima donna was to choose her own apartments, and to invite whom she chose to her table. A carriage with two horses, also chosen by her, was to be at her orders whenever she required it. It was not at all unusual for the weekly expenses to amount to 4000 francs (£160), and the impresario could not complain, as Mr. Jarrett's client would have been within her rights if she had spent still more.

Mr. Jarrett has filled the office of agent to various artists, such as Christine Nilsson, Sara Bernhardt, Van Zandt, Faure, Maas, and others too numerous to mention. Another agent who for a time enjoyed notoriety was M. Franchi, who occupied himself solely with Madame Patti's affairs, and has amassed a considerable fortune. He was formerly my secretary at 500 francs per month, and I readily parted with him to Mme. Patti. Between Messieurs Jarrett and Franchi there is no point of resemblance, either moral or physical. M. Franchi during his sixteen years' connection with Mme. Patti received no fixed salary, but a commission upon her receipts. He tried a season of Italian Opera in Paris, and another in Germany, but did not find the position so agreeable or so profitable as his commission with the star. M. Franchi has had no successors with Mme. Patti, and it is not likely that Mme. Nilsson will care to replace Mr. Jarrett.

#### SKETCHES OF CANTATRICES.

NEARLY all the celebrated artists of the present day have come under my direction. I have conducted prima donnas in all parts of the world, and I need only search my memory to find there illustrations of character little known or already forgotten concerning them. I shall not undertake to repeat all the interesting incidents I can remember in connection with these popular favourites: for such a task I should require several volumes; but shall content myself with a few outlines in which it will be my aim to avoid all criticism in any way wounding to the most delicate susceptibilities, and to mention only events of interest to the general reader.

#### FREZZOLINI.

Frezzolini, following Pasta, Malibran, Mme. Garcia Viardot, Grisi, Jenny Lind, and Albani, preceded Patti and Nilsson. These are certainly the most celebrated artists of Italian Opera, and it would be difficult to give either of them absolute superiority over the others. Each had some special merit of her own, while all possessed those qualities which gave them their sovereignty in art. Madame Frezzolini, now dead, was the daughter of M. Frezzolini, who made his reputation at the Théâtre Italien in

Opera Bouffe. In 1843 Mme. Frezzolini, then a very handsome blonde, sang at Venice in "Lucrezia Borgia," and "Beatrice di Tenda," by Bellini, an opera whose value depends entirely upon the manner in which it is interpreted. To a poetic imagination Frezzolini added a romantic disposition; she married Poggi, a good tenor singer, but a bad man, who could not make her happy, and whom she abandoned one fine morning, leaving with him the little fortune she had accumulated. Before her marriage she had been engaged to Nicolai, a musician of merit, who has since become *chef d'orchestre* at the Imperial Theatre in Vienna, and to whom we owe "Il Templario" and the "Merry Wives of Windsor." He was preparing to write an opera for "La Scala" at Milan, when his engagement was broken off. He adored la Frezzolini. The grief which he felt at the overthrow of his hopes affected his mind, and his opera was such a failure that he gave up composition. Verdi wrote "I Lombardi" and "Jeanne d'Arc" for Frezzolini, who possessed considerable musical talent, as well as an extremely beautiful voice, and composed her own cadences.

In his earlier operas, Verdi made great demands upon the vocal powers of his singers, as all those who sang his music at that period have proved. Frezzolini would have preserved the charm of her fine voice many years longer, had she not worn it out in her interpretation of Verdi's operas. She made it a rule never to ask more than 1000 francs per night; and although directors always sent her blank cheques, she never increased her terms. It was in Italy that I met her first, soon after I had completed my musical studies with Pasta. I was able to give her some valuable hints, and in return she sang for me at Naples at a concert, by which I realized 10,000 francs. This good-natured action, however, brought her into trouble with her manager. He refused her permission to sing out of his theatre; and as he persisted in this refusal, which was not justified by the terms of their contract, she declared, "I shall sing for M. Strakosch all the same, and will leave the city to-morrow sooner than fail to keep the promise I made him." The manager knew that she would be as good as her word, and was obliged to submit. During one of her visits to Russia, a prince of the Imperial family fell in love with Frezzolini, and wished to marry her; the Emperor ordered the singer to leave the Empire as the only means by which the prince could be prevented from committing this act of folly. More as an act of gratitude for the concert she had given me, than in the hope of gain, I engaged Frezzolini for a tour in America; but her voice, like Mario's, had lost much of its power, as diminished receipts fully testified.

At the death of Poggi, Frezzolini was reduced to a state bordering on poverty, and she undertook a lawsuit against Poggi's heirs, who contested her claim to certain property. She was successful in her suit, and was enabled thereby to live in comparative comfort. Notwithstanding the unhappiness of her first marriage, Frezzolini made another trial of matrimony, her second husband being a distinguished French physician.

I met her once towards the end of her life; it was in the theatre; she dropped asleep several times during the performance, and excused herself by saying playfully, "My husband's bell disturbs my sleep at night; if I should ever marry again, it certainly should not be to a celebrated physician." She was then over sixty years of age.

#### BOSIO.

Bosio was of humble origin, and was considered plain at the beginning of her career,

ezzolini, then at Venice in "Le di Teada." She depends on it is inter- on Frezzolini she married a bad man, who with whom she was living with him. Before he died to Nicolai, since become "Theatre in Il Templario" "Indsor." He opera for "La Management was zzzolini. The few of his hopes was such a situation. Verdi's "One d'Arc" for a terrible musical beautiful voice, made great de- his singers, as at period have preserved the seasons longer, had interpretation of he never to ask and although cheques, she is in Italy that completed my as able to give return she sang, by which I matured action, able with her mission to sing persisted in this by the terms of shall sing for will leave the to keep the manager knew word, and was of her visits to family fell in to marry her; to leave the which the prince fitting this act attitude for the in the hope of our in America; most much of its testified. I was reduced and she under- s heirs, who property. She enabled thereby notwithstanding age, Frezzolini, her second French physician. end of her life; dropped asleep performance, and, "My hur- at night; if I certainly should n." She was

which was a matter of difficulty, for she was so poor that she had sometimes no fit dress to appear in. The first time she sang for me was at a concert at Come, near Milan, merely to pay her travelling expenses and hotel bill. In the meantime, the chrysalis changed to a butterfly; from being plain and slightly marked by the smallpox, Bosio, by a sort of miracle not infrequent among women, became handsome, and her style improved as much as her features. With surprising facility she acquired the *ton* of good society, and received sovereigns and princes with an ease which a duchess might have envied. Bosio was only thirty years old when she died from the effects of the severe climate of St. Petersburg.

She had married a man who cared less for her than for her voice and the money he made by it; it was to satisfy his rapacity that she consented to the engagement at St. Petersburg, which put such a sudden stop to a career full of brilliant promise. It is more than probable that but for this premature end, Mme. Adelina Patti would have met in Bosio a formidable rival. Mme. Patti, however, did not arrive in Europe until a year after Mme. Bosio's death. Bosio was one of Marty's company when he directed the theatre at Havana. From thence she went to New York with Maretzki, who, as we have seen, conducted such brilliant operatic seasons there.

Bosio was a great favourite with the public at Madrid; and at Covent Garden, under Mr. Frederick Gye, she was one of the chief stars.

Her funeral in St. Petersburg would have done honour to an empress's memory. She left a fortune of nearly a million francs to her husband, who, by his avarice, had caused such a cruel loss to the artistic world.

#### ALBANI.

Mdlle. Albani, now Mrs. Ernest Gye, was introduced to me under the name of Mdlle. Lajeunesse, by Prince Poniatowski. The young girl was so slight and delicate-looking, that I thought she would never be able to sing through an entire opera, although her voice was delightfully sweet. "You are, mistaken regarding my *protégée*," said Poniatowski; "she has an iron will, and she will succeed." The prince was right, but having at the time half-a-dozen young aspirants under my guidance, I did not care to take another in whose future I had no confidence. Mdlle. Albani left Paris and went to Milan, where she continued her musical studies with Lamperti, the eminent professor, and afterwards she spent some months in Malta. Upon her return to London she was engaged by Mr. F. Gye, who announced to me that he had in his company a new star, for whom he desired my guidance. In Mdlle. Albani I recognised Mdlle. Lajeunesse; she had made great progress, but still her voice was soon fatigued; she had great difficulty in conquering the music of Lucia. I advised Mr. Gye to wait some time before permitting her *début*. He reluctantly followed my advice, and Mdlle. Albani made her *début* in the following season with great success. One may say that Madame Albani's career is the work of Mr. F. Gye, for it was he who divined her great qualities, and helped her to her position as a star.

Patti and Pauline Lucca were then sharing public favour. Mr. F. Gye wished to have a third prima donna in order to insure his success at Covent Garden, and he found what he desired in Mdlle. Albani, thus bringing to light a gift which, but for him, might have been long in revealing itself.

I engaged Madame Albani for a season in America. I had refused the 500 francs per month, demanded in her name by Prince

Poniatowski; and I now gave her 3750 francs per night, besides hotel and travelling expenses. The financial crisis which swept over America during this tour prevented a pecuniary success, although the artistic triumph was complete. The affair ended in a loss of 625,000 francs. Madame Albani has achieved a reputation in oratorio singing equal to her success as a prima donna in opera. Gounod confided to her the soprano parts in the "Redemption" and "Mors et Vita"; and there is no important musical festival held in England without the support of Madame Albani. Quite recently, and only a short time before the death of Liszt, she received from that illustrious composer his warmest thanks for her remarkable interpretation of his "Saint Elizabeth."

The marriage of Mdlle. Albani and Mr. Ernest Gye proves that there are exceptions to the fate too frequently reserved for the union of artists. Mr. and Mrs. Gye lead a happy life in their charming house—"The Boltons"—in London. Their happiness is in each other and in the simple joys of home, as well as in their artistic glories. It is an example which ought to be followed.

#### BIANCA DONADIO.

"La Signora Bianca Donadio" is the name chosen for herself by a Frenchwoman named Blanche Dieudonné. Her father was a tax-gatherer, whose death left his child and her mother in very humble circumstances; and foreseeing a brilliant artistic career before her, I decided to bring her out on the stage. Certain religious scruples on her part gave rise to a report that she was about to take the veil; but in point of fact she never dreamt of abandoning a career whose past successes gave abundant promise for future triumphs.

On the death of her father, Bianca Donadio sought me, and on hearing her admirable rendering of the rondo in "Lucia," and the valse from "Le Pardon de Ploërmel," I offered her immediately an engagement for five years, on the following terms: 1250 francs per month for the first year, 1500 for the second, 2000 for the third, 3000 for the fourth, and 4000 for the fifth years. I recognised in her the qualities of a great singer. My offer surpassed her expectations, and she accepted it at once, thanking God with characteristic piety for the pecuniary ease thus afforded her. Bianca Donadio made her *début* in Paris, where she created a sensation in "La Sonnambula"; since then she has sung in all the European capitals with brilliant success, and, excepting Adelina Patti, no one has excelled her in "Il Barbiere," "La Sonnambula," "Dinorah," and "L'Etoile du Nord." Having amassed a handsome fortune in a few years, Bianca Donadio now lives on her property near Paris, preserving her retired habits, and only singing when convenient to herself. She has adopted, as the price of her services, the sum of 2500 francs, which is never either increased or diminished.

The mysticism of Donadio's character is not wholly unfounded. On the evening of the terrible fire which destroyed the theatre at Nice, she was to have appeared in "Lucia." Her dressing-room was some distance from the stage; and while dressing for the act, and trying her voice, she had not heard the noise and cry of "Fire" outside. On opening her door she was horrified to see the scenery in a blaze. Thinking her retreat cut off, and escape from death impossible, she fell upon her knees, and commanded her soul to God, and while thus engaged, a stranger entered her room, she knew not how, and with an iron bar broke open a door of whose existence she was ignorant; this door opened on a corridor which led

directly into the street. Bianca rushed through the passage thus made for her, guided by the light of the flames; and turning round when in safety, to seek and thank her deliverer, found he had disappeared, and she never saw him again. She could never be persuaded that this stranger was other than an angel in disguise sent from heaven to deliver her. But for this idea of the frequent and visible intervention of angels on her behalf, Mdlle. Bianca Donadio is a charming woman, and a singer of the highest order. She is a rare specimen of the artist, who, without neglecting her own interests, considers those of her impresario, my brother Ferdinand Strakosch, with whom she is still engaged.

#### GABRIELLE KRAUSS.

I have reserved for the last the name of this great artist. I have always regretted that she was only under my direction during the evenings of the Italian Opera season in Paris, 1873-74. Mdlle. Krauss lives but for her art; and except for the time I spent with her in rehearsals and representations, I did not see enough of her to be able to add anything of importance to the numerous biographies which have already been written. The best and most authentic of these is, beyond a doubt, that of her enthusiastic critic M. Guy de Charuace, from whom I will quote a passage which cannot but interest our readers. Speaking of the most eminent performers in tragic opera, M. de Charuace says:—

Mdlle. Gabrielle Krauss is the latest addition to this brilliant group. Like all things truly great and enduring, her reputation was not made in a day. She has not burst into sudden splendour like a glittering display of fireworks. It is not by audacious *tours de force*, or perilous vocal feats, which fill a wondering crowd with transient admiration, that she arrived at distinction. No; nothing in the nature of clap-trap—that modern power so well understood in the present day—could be found in Mdlle. Krauss. She has achieved success solely by the aid of her great ability. "Her career in the Théâtre Italien," says M. Blaze de Bury, "furnishes an example of what may be done in the long-run, with any public, however infatuated with vocal gewgaws—by the power of intelligence and talent. Scarcely noticed by the connoisseurs, in her *débuts*, she has by dint of strenuous endeavour, slowly but surely achieved her place in the front rank of artists."

Mdlle. Krauss's true value began to be realized under my direction at the Italian Opera in Paris; although she had made several successes in the preceding season under M. Bagnier's management, notably in the rôle of Leonora, in Beethoven's "Fidelio;" in consequence of which interpretation, M. Halanizer engaged her for the Grand Opera.

The sensation she created in the "Tribut de Zamora," and Gounod's "Sapho," also in Saint-Saëns' "Henri VIII," and in the rôle of Dolores in "Patrie," is still too recent to need recall.

#### A Picture.

:o:

*Twilight, in dusky shades upon the shore,  
Twist two low ruddy cliffs, a little space;  
The sea is fair with light that trembles o'er  
Its surface, by the sinking sun's last grace.  
  
A dreamy silence rests upon it all;  
No wind, no waves, but with the rising tide,  
A little boat begins to rise and fall,  
Spreads her white wings, and o'er the waters wide,  
  
Skims like the sea-gull hovering overhead,  
Poised in mid air, outward or homeward flying;  
Then flitting westward, boat and bird have sped;  
"The rest is silence," and the day is dying.*

M. S. W.

**Dr. Bridge and His New Dramatic Cantata "Callirhoe."**

By J. S. S.

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**A**T the beginning of last month I called at the Cloisters, Westminster Abbey. "Dr. Bridge," said the servant, "is at home." Ascending a flight of narrow stairs, I found the worthy doctor in a small room, seated before a small table, on which lay the full score of "Callirhoe," the new Birmingham cantata. Dr. Bridge hastened to assure me that he was not "at home." His house had been pulled down and was rebuilding; for the present he was in chambers, which bore every sign of temporary residence. Books and music were scattered here and there, and the room bore a very strong resemblance to Dinah's drawer. Dr. Bridge spoke of his early life when he was a fellow-chorister of the late Joseph Maas at Rochester Cathedral, where his father was—and, indeed, still is lay vicar. Then he came to the happy days when he was a pupil of the late Sir John Goss, under whom he made a deep study of counterpoint.

"And, talking of counterpoint," he said, putting out a bundle of manuscript music from a drawer on his right, "I think I can show you something which will interest you."

He was not far wrong. The bundle in question contained the lessons in harmony, counterpoint, and composition of Thomas Attwood, the favourite pupil of Mozart. On Attwood's death they came into the possession of Goss. A short time ago Dr. Bridge purchased them from Lady Goss. Yes; there were the exercises of Attwood, beginning with the simple scales, with Mozart's corrections in his own handwriting. One page specially attracted my notice. On it was an exercise in counterpoint of the first order in three parts. Mozart had run his pen through the whole of it; and, further to express his displeasure, had written in English, "You are an ass!" Among the studies in composition was a beautiful autograph of the Minuet, which is printed at the end of Goss' book on Harmony. Dr. Bridge intends, as soon as he can find time, to give to the world a detailed account of these precious manuscripts. His appointment as organist of Manchester Cathedral at the early age of 23, his successful musical lectures at Owen's College (now Victoria University), his residence at Windsor, his musical degrees at Oxford, and his appointment at Westminster Abbey as successor to Mr. J. Turle, in 1875, were then, for a brief time, the subjects of interesting conversation. The "Jubilee" Anthem, too, was not forgotten—the visit to Osborne to rehearse it in the presence of Her Majesty,—and the performance at Westminster Abbey.

"Only think," said Dr. Bridge, "my father was singing a tenor part, I was at the organ, and my son was one of the choristers."

But I had called to get a copy of "Callirhoe," and, like one of the Parcae, had to cut the thread of conversation. Dr. Bridge reminded me that this new dramatic cantata was his third, and by far his most important festival effort. He wrote "Hymn to the Creator" for Worcester in 1884, and the "Rock of Ages" for the last Birmingham Festival.

A very brief description shall now be given

of "Callirhoe," for as yet there is only the help of the vocal score. Mr. W. Barclay Squire has furnished to the composer an excellent *libretto*, founded on the story of Callirhoe, as related by Pausanias, in the 21st chapter of the 7th book of his *Itinerary of Greece*. Choresus, native of Calydon, and priest of Bacchus, is in love with a virgin, Callirhoe. But that love is not returned. Choresus prays to his god, who smites the people of Calydon with a plague. The inhabitants fly to the famous oracle in Dodona. There they learn that they will appease the anger of Bacchus only if Choresus offer up as a sacrifice Callirhoe, or some other person willing to die in her stead. Now the maiden finds no willing substitute, and hence prepares for death. She is led to the altar; but Choresus, plunging the knife into his own breast, falls dead at her feet. She, feeling for the first time this mighty love, "for which men even" die, lays hold of the knife, and soon both are united in death. The chorus lament

She refuses to listen; and, at this point, the music reminds one vaguely, yet not unpleasantly, now of Tannhäuser, now of Rheingold. Choresus, in bold strains, replies that "Love shall be ruler everywhere." Then follows a duet—"Despise not love." The title expresses only the lover's feelings; the maiden sings, "Love I despise." The music is extremely graceful and effectively written for the voices (soprano and tenor). We then have Choresus' prayer to Dionysos, of which the music is solemn and dignified. The temple fills with a frenzied crowd, and the first part of the cantata ends with a long and elaborate chorus. Here the agony and terror of the people are graphically depicted, and the orchestra is, no doubt, busily employed in colouring the scene.

The second part opens with the scene in the sacred grove of Dodona. Around a mighty oak, from the boughs of which are suspended the brazen vessels of divination, stand the priestesses of the oracle of Zeus. An "Oracle" motive—



is here introduced, and much use is made of it. It is heard in the orchestra when the wind stirs the branches of Zeus' tree, and causes the vessels to resound. The chief priestess also delivers the message of the oracle to its strains. The sounding of the vessels is expressed by the composer in a novel manner—by means of gongs—metal bars struck by drumstick. One passage, in which these gongs are heard, is otherwise noticeable for the following bold consecutive fifths for the voices:—



The bra - zen ves - sels sound.

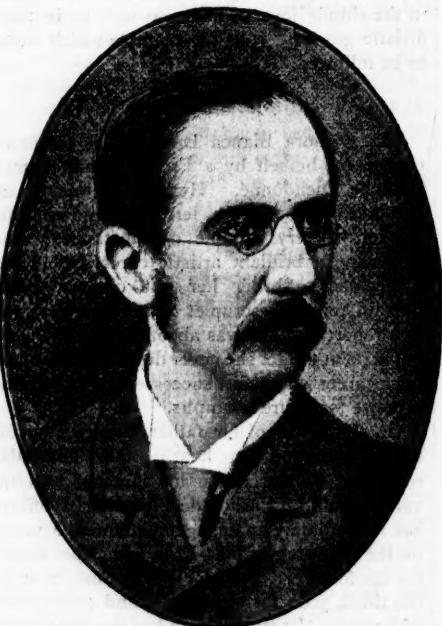
The whole scene seems one likely to produce considerable effect.

The third part commences with a solo by Callirhoe, lamenting her fate. The music, as becomes the situation, is plaintive; and here again the polyphonic and thematic accompaniment attracts attention. The Processional March which follows is evolved chiefly from the "Oracle" and Callirhoe motives.

Then comes the scene before the altar. Here the composer shows considerable dramatic power: the chorus takes a prominent part in it. There is a fine working up just before Choresus seizes the sacrificial knife. The Callirhoe motive asserts itself prominently as he utters his last words. The scene, in which the ill-fated maiden recognises the power of love, is full of interest, and ought to tell well in performance. In the short chorus, "Oh sorrow," the latter part of which is unaccompanied, there are again some Wagnerian touches. In the final chorus, "Rejoice! ye men of Calydon," there is much vigour, and diatonic harmony prevails. Effective use is again made of the Callirhoe motive.

Further notice and criticism of this work must be left until after its performance at the Festival. In the meantime, it may be said that it has a very favourable appearance on paper, and contains some of Dr. Bridge's best writing.

AN Italian journal, published in New York, tells us that a troop of Italian Opera singers have established themselves in that town, who intend giving in the Town Hall a series of performances, one each week. A very original feature in the scheme is the notice which is presented to the public, and which runs as follow: "The proprietor of the hall will let it gratuitously to the spectators for dancing."



John van den  
Dr. Bridge

the bitter fate of the two; when, suddenly, a stream rises from beneath the altar, swelling into a mighty flood. Nereids and Tritons appear on its waters, surrounding Callirhoe and Choresus, now transformed into river gods.

A few bars orchestral introduction, based on a theme used later on, in connection with Callirhoe, leads to the opening chorus. Messengers of Choresus meet her at the temple of Dionysos, bringing flower gifts. The chorus in the bright key of C major, and in  $\frac{2}{4}$  time, is graceful and flowing. The maiden, in a short recitative, rejects the offering. The priest then advances, and pleads his suit. When he calls on the maiden to bestow her love on him, an expressive theme is heard,—one which has reference, of course, to Callirhoe,—



## St. Petersburg Conservatorium.

THE position occupied to-day by the Conservatorium of St. Petersburg is a unique one. Amongst all Continental Conservatoriums it is the youngest; yet it is neither the smallest as regards numbers, nor by any means proportionate in its attainments and results to its age, whilst it is perhaps the first in its perfection as a Conservatorium.

It is the thought-out work of the greatest genius of his day; his pride, his caprice, his hope; or, as he naively expresses it all in one word, his "duty."

The musical world of Europe, generally speaking, considers Rubinstein as quite German, but it makes a vast mistake. In thoughts, words, ideas, he is essentially Russian; and, we might say, passionately patriotic. He loves Russia as a Scotsman loves his Highlands, and is as jealous for her supremacy as he is proud of her attainments.

After being feted, petted, spoiled, exalted, and crowned with laurel by every city in Europe, he has settled in Petersburg, to undertake the dry and often uninteresting task of presiding over a Conservatorium; because, as he sees it, it is his duty—he owes it to Russia. He has been, as he is still, and always will be, the first of her Amphiions; and, just as Bach and Handel laid the foundation of German music, so he purposed to lay that of Russian.

With a nobility, a self-sacrifice rarely found in an artist whom fame and fortune have so well combined to spoil, as they may be said to have combined to spoil Rubinstein, he has laid aside all his own personal ambition, and left the scenes of his triumphs, where adulation and enthusiastic homage are always for him, to do for Russia what no other can so ably do; and, till we saw Rubinstein, the artist with whom one associates all that is brilliant in life, all that is naive, capricious, utterly apart from this everyday world, busying himself as other less gifted individuals in the uninteresting drudgery of classes; sitting out intolerable examinations, and wading through the prosaic business of programme-making, seeing after accounts, reading letters, controlling affairs,—we never realized so thoroughly the truth of Jefferson's saying,

"Nothing is troublesome that we do willingly."

Strange as it may seem concerning an artist of Rubinstein's temperament, it is nevertheless true that he undertakes and goes on with his work most willingly. It is here that his patriotism proves itself. In Russia's future in art he has a firm belief; and on more than one occasion over his after-dinner cigarette and coffee, we have seen him become quite enthusiastic when speaking on this subject, and have had the pleasure of defending not only the English but the entire European art world outside Russia against his onslaughts.

Of course this is a pure matter of opinion,

to Berlin, Vienna, Leipzig, London, Hamburg, to conduct his operas and symphonies, and give concerts, it became impossible for the Conservatorium that he could keep the direction; and so he finally gave it up, till 1887-88, when he again became director.

The beginning of the autumn session 1887 was a remarkable one in the Conservatorium. Sweeping reforms under Rubinstein's supervision were the order of the day, and a comic print of the time well represents Rubinstein in the dress of a dvornik—a Russian manservant attached to each house—sweeping from the steps of the Conservatorium door all manner of musical instruments and men. He remodelled the institution entirely, reducing the number of scholars by 200; and all that winter the newspapers teemed with the angry letters of discarded and dismissed professors. Rubinstein, however, never did more than shrug his shoulders, and was not in the slightest deterred. Day after day saw new arrangements, new changes. Sophie Menter threw up her professorship, and all musical Petersburg was divided into two distinct sects,—one for the ways at the Conservatorium, the other against them. Meanwhile the musical business proceeded steadily and prosperously, Rubinstein compelling all to acknowledge him master. The turn affairs had taken was more or less a big surprise to the musical world of Petersburg. They had known Rubinstein the composer, who every now and then was wont to go into delicious rages over the performances of his operas at the Russian opera-house, scolding every one all round like another Handel, with a brusque Beethoven might have envied as something taken from himself. They knew him as an artist, whose flights of enthusiasm sometimes went beyond his own control. They had seen him dash through the finale of the études symphoniques, all his passionate genius afire by the music; they

had heard him play a valse of Liszt's with a capricious loveliness that would seem to belong only to one who disdained everything belonging to everyday work,—to a Shelley, or another Liszt; and they judged him so. They had jested with him in the artist's room, played cards with him at Petersburg, petted him, praised him, and in turn been fascinated by his charming bonhomie, but they had yet to learn to know him as the director of the Conservatorium.

It was another man they beheld,—a Spartan ruler who forgave nothing, conceded nothing, and weighed everything only by the strictest measure in the scales of Justice.

In the everyday work, Rubinstein spares



—Эхъ, когда же, наконецъ, выметешь этотъ мусоръ..

"WHEN WILL I HAVE ALL THIS CLEARED AWAY AND FINISHED?"

about which there is no disputing; and undoubtedly, as in everything else, Russia has made astounding progress in art within the last half-century; but we doubt if the bounds and leaps taken by Rubinstein himself, by Glinka, by Tschaikowski, will be continued by the coming generation, and if they are, it will be something unique in art. Like England, Russia is now making her progress in musical art. She has much to accomplish, and accomplishes much daily, but what the future brings forth remains to be seen.

In 1861-62 the Conservatorium was founded. Rubinstein at first undertook the direction; but then, having to make visits time after time

himself nothing. At ten minutes to nine he drives up to the Conservatorium, and at ten minutes past five he drives away. During these eight hours,—with the exception of half an hour, when he lunches,—he is never a moment idle. Nothing escapes his determined supervision. He must know everything. He oversees the work of all the classes, directs the orchestra very often, and instructs the students who essay opera playing and singing; in fact, he is everywhere the mind of the institution.

One of the most amusing things about the Conservatorium is the awe with which he is regarded and in which he is held by the students. "Anton Gregorienitosh," as his Russian title is, is a name to promise peace. When he goes through the building, the students disappear everywhere before him; whilst even the professors also hold him in a nervous awe that is delicious to onlookers, especially those who know Rubinstein the artist.

The programme of the Conservatorium is, as Rubinstein asserts, the first in Europe; and one of the most noticeable things in it is, the rules for those ending.

Every pupil has to pass a very severe examination in all branches of the art,—reading at sight, transposing, as well as in harmony and counterpoint, besides preparing quite alone several pieces and performing them publicly. This is a test severe in itself, but most praiseworthy, and one more or less exclusive of the success of mediocrity; for the pupil who can prepare of himself or herself one or two concertos, and some pieces and concerto music of the great masters, quite without the assistance of a professor, must necessarily be considered finished.

Another rule quite peculiar to the Petersburg is the inexorable one that all pupils must attend the singing classes, and must be competent to sing at sight, in order, as Rubinstein says, that they may be musicians in practice, and able to read music, and know its sounds, without being dependent on their instruments. This is the best of all the rules, and is the hardest of all on most of the pupils. It is a hardship, however, for which they find very little sympathy, and one which never troubles their director. Hard or easy, it is all the same to him, once he finds anything necessary.

Besides these two rules, Rubinstein has organized a class for teachers, a pianoforte class; and this, certainly, is a *spécialité* not come-at-able by other Conservatoriums; for in this class Rubinstein himself is the teacher; and for two afternoons in each week—Wednesdays and Saturdays—he gives recitals to those who have the privilege of attending the music he plays,—embracing the entire *répertoire* of pianoforte music from Byrd, Bull, and Gibbons to Tschaikowski.

Rubinstein's cabinet, where these recitals are held, is a room of tolerable dimensions; but low, dark, and with something of an old-world air about it.

Two grand pianofortes stand by the window; and, to the left, Rubinstein's writing-table—always arranged with the characteristic order the great composer loves.

The professors are crowded around the pianoforte, and the whole scene is one to be remembered. The sea of faces,—eager, intense, ecstatic, enthusiastic; astonishment, delight, and nervous expectancy, all in the dozens of eyes bent on the composer in admiration as they listen to his incomparable music; and he,—perhaps quiet, perhaps in one of his moods, with his tumbled hair and distinguished profile,—all his soul in his work, as he bends over the keyboard, heedless of all around him, and utterly absorbed in his art.

It would be quite impossible to describe the

expectancy with which these bi-weekly recitals are awaited, nor the never-varying interest they excite. Outside Rubinstein's cabinet is a long dark corridor from the entrance hall, lighted by gas, and in which there is a wide bench, and this is taken up by many of the officials engaged in the comptoir, whilst in the room beyond, lying alongside the composer's cabinet, the pupils are gathered in groups about the doors, breathless lest they should lose a note. Many times when passing through the corridor on tiptoe, we have noted with eyes that doubted what was before them, the intensely rapt expression of all the faces; like saints before an altar, each individual seemed to have lost all count of time and of their surroundings; they heard simply, no more, for such is Rubinstein's power; and we know no homage more touching than this he receives, that day after day so many should stand for two or three hours at a time listening to him quite unconscious of fatigue and very often of the cold, especially during the depth of the winter, when the snow lies four and five feet deep in the streets, and even the droschky men keep rubbing their ears under their great fur caps to prevent them from being frozen.

Attached to the Conservatorium is a school for the young pupils, in which all necessary branches of learning are taught, such as languages, history, geography, mathematics, and that very formidable one in the school programmes of all little Russians, religious instruction, inasmuch as long prayers, etc., must be repeated in Slavonic at confirmation, a ceremony very different with them to our usual Anglican episode of pretty clothes and a crowded church.

During the last examinations—which commenced before Easter and ended only with the closing of the institution for the summer holidays—it was Rubinstein himself who was chief school examiner, putting posers in arithmetic and history like any long experienced and practised schoolmaster, a novel rôle for an artist whose capricious whims are proverbial; and what is more amusing still is that he cannot have found the work intolerable, for he not only conducted these exams. during the day, but for two and three hours in the night as well, thereby sacrificing his after-dinner whist; and certainly if he did find them intolerable, and acted so only from a sense of it being his duty, we know nothing more intolerable than such a sense of duty.

A remarkable feature of the Conservatorium are its weekly concerts, which twice in the month—the performances of the elder students and only the very advanced—are very much above the average of most Conservatoriums in artistic work.

These concerts are attended by crowds, and usually by some two or more members of the Royal family, whilst Rubinstein himself is invariably found in the front row.

Then there are the operatic performances, but of course success here is well-nigh impossible to young students, especially as amongst all there is not a voice which will ever become famous; still the students show aptitude and cleverness, many of them already being more than ordinarily good actors. The orchestra, too, is composed entirely of students, so that an opera performed entirely by pupils cannot be expected to be up to a very high standard.

The orchestra, a fairly presentable one, plays its music with a certain swing and go, but it is totally lacking in *finesse*. And on general occasions it does not stand comparison with that of the Hoch Conservatorium in Frankfurt-am-Main or the Conservatorium at Leipzig. This is in a great measure owing to the number of works it has to perform; for on one occasion at

a large public concert on the 27th of April last, directed by Rubinstein, we were astonished at a magnificent performance of Schumann's D minor Symphony. It was literally perfectly given, proving of course that under proper guidance the orchestra is second to none. On another occasion, however, during the performance of Glinka's "Ruslan and Ludmilla," the orchestra was so bad, so carelessly conducted, so indifferent to its faults, as to be perfectly disgraceful. But two or three days at most had been given it for the preparation of the opera, and therefore the faults of such a performance do not lie at its door.

Young students cannot possibly be expected to play in orchestra like those far-famed members of Bülow's Meningen band; and although it is necessary that new music and much music must be studied, yet for public performances the *quality*, not the *quantity*, should be the desired aim; and it is here exactly that the Conservatorium orchestra is unjustly treated.

One of the most interesting classes is that formed for composition, a class showing extraordinary vitality, and doing good work. Two or three of the students, one especially, a nephew of the last director of the Conservatorium, the eminent violoncello professor, Herr Carl Davidoff, showing talent quite out of the common. He is still quite a youth, and finishes his studies next year; but a symphony in A major, given at the April concert, was full of melody—the rarest of all things now-a-days—originality, and scholarly beauty, and Rubinstein does not hesitate to pronounce for him a brilliant future.

The class, of course, which receives most attention is that of the pianoforte, and we need hardly add there is no deceiving the director here. On the whole, it is a most brilliant one, some of the students showing signs of genuine talent; but withal there is still room for improvement, the steady drilling of finger etudes not having had the attention it deserved, under former management. This, however, Rubinstein has guarded against in the future, having placed Signor Cesi at the head of the classes.

At the late examinations the execution of the pupils was very often little short of phenomenal, but their method and technique left much to be desired. Amongst the most talented we noticed faults hardly to be pardoned in beginners. Octave passages were played with a high wrist, and often given with a movement of the entire arm. Shakes, too, were more or less indifferently played, and on one occasion only the execution was not assisted by the shoulder, whilst the position of the performer was sometimes questionable and very often exaggerated; of course at the same time we do not advocate the wooden accuracy insisted on in technique by certain dry-as-dust and pedantic professors in Berlin and Leipzig, no more than we advocate the exaggerated mannerism of certain pupils of Madame Schumann, who turn out their elbows in a manner as ungraceful as it is unnecessary—Madame Schumann herself never employs it; but the Petersburg Conservatorium till this has erred in the other extreme, and apparently dispensed with the drudgery of the technical studies altogether; but with the advent of Cesi matters are sure of mending.

Strange to say, amongst all the pupils we noticed none of a romantic turn like M. de Pachmann, who was at one time professor in Warsaw Conservatorium. Noise is the order of the day, and in fact in no Conservatorium do the students continue to knock out so much noise from a pianoforte, one young lady, if we doubt not, outdoing in volume of tone Rubinstein himself on one occasion. This is very much to be regretted. When Rubinstein's velvet fingers touch the pianofore we have pure sound,

pure music, rich, sonorous, but never noisy; and it is a peculiarity of the great pianist composer shared by no other, for beyond a certain point the effect produced by the other players when they go beyond certain limits is a harsh jangling of strings, and a noise anything but lovely. On one occasion in the Raff Conservatorium at Frankfurt-am-Main, Bülow, who was in no ordinary gracious humour, laughed and said that "we had reason to thank God that the fashion had changed in pianoforte playing, for that only a few years earlier all Europe was trying who could play quickest and loudest." But Bülow had not visited the Petersburg Conservatorium lately, as is evident by his remarks, for it alone still clings to the fondness for noise he had hoped had passed away with other disadvantages.

On the whole, however, although the pianoforte class at the Conservatorium is not above failings, yet it is vastly superior to that of most other institutions, and gives brilliant promise for the future; in fact, it is this promise for the future which is so distinctly characteristic of the whole; there is a life, a vitality, an enthusiasm amongst the students especially striking and praiseworthy.

With the exception of Cesi and the venerable Adolphe Henselt, the numerous pianoforte classes are entirely under the guidance of local professors, many of whom have been former students of the Conservatorium. Rubinstein himself has a small class of some five or six students, but this is merely a temporary one.

Amongst the most brilliant classes is that belonging to the distinguished violin virtuoso and professor, M. Leopold Auer. There is no better class to be found in any Conservatorium in Europe. M. Auer's reputation as a teacher has been long established. In 1867 he first came to the Conservatorium, and since then has continued first violin professor. The result of his work is already marvellous; technique, execution, style, all are perfect in his pupils, and what is perfectly wonderful is that in their playing the two genres, the romantic and the classical—for illustration let us say the Sarasate and Joachim—are combined. We have heard one and the same pupil play a concerto of Bach and a polonaise of Vieuxtemp in a perfectly faultless manner; and so well have all profited by M. Auer's instruction, that the etudes of Paganini are not more welcome to his pupils than the concertos of Beethoven and Brahms.

The violoncello class, as one might expect, Carl Davidoff having been director of the Conservatorium for so long, is also in a state of high excellence, some two or three little fellows with serious faces and big eyes managing their big instruments with a skill eminently artistic, their method and technique being all that is satisfactory. Alexander Versbilowitsch, the eminent virtuoso, is first professor, so, of course, it need hardly be added the class can only be well guided.

Like so many other Conservatoriums, the singing class is the one needing complete reform. The scarcity of good voices is, of course, a calamity over which one has no control, but the method can do much for a singer. Liszt tells us the race of singers have died out; but it would seem as if the race of singing-masters—like those Irish wolf dogs who died out on their occupation failing—had gone after them; for, with the exception of Herr Fleisch of the Raff Conservatorium, we hardly know of one above mediocrity on the Continent in the present day, some few in Milan excepted also, and these perhaps can rely more on the laurels they have won, than any they can win; in short, Continental singers and singing-masters are

very much below par, and Petersburg is no exception to the rule.

In the brass and wind instruments, including all wind instruments,—flutes, horns, oboes, bassoons, etc.,—the Conservatorium shows up exceedingly well, some clarinet and flute solos we heard being far above the average, many of the young students playing charmingly.

Of the counterpoint and harmony classes we had no opportunity of judging, beyond that the general opinion seems to be one most favourable, and the compositions of the students certainly show very skilled workmanship—which is the practical test. Amongst the students of this class there seem to be many possessing talent, that of young Davidoff being quite beyond the common. A novel feature of the last examination was a composition for orchestra and chorus, "The Pilgrimage of the Rose," capably written, and very well conducted by a young lady gifted and intelligent, whilst the same subject was also treated by a student rejoicing in the name of Bach.

All things considered, it is a magnificent institution, second to none in Europe, and will remain in the years to come a splendid monument to Rubinstein's indefatigable will, industry, and love for Russia; but it has need to be such, inasmuch as for ten months during this year and the two following years it absorbs the composer's time completely, a fact even Russians themselves regret, whilst they plead for the completion of "Moses," of the new Russian opera he is engaged upon, or for all those elegant trifles we are accustomed to expect from his pen in such lavish abundance; but the composer turns a deaf ear. Just now the Conservatorium is his hobby, his all-absorbing pursuit, and of course it is always useless to argue with him, for as those who know him can testify, it is eminently in his case,

"τραγούς οὐκ ιαστός δοκεῖ,"

and since it pleases him, we must remain content.

He is a Russian and his work is for Russians, and although we foreigners may regret this we have no just right to complain.

ALEXANDER M'ARTHUR.

## Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas.

(Concluded.)

**L**AST month we spoke about the unity of Beethoven's exposition sections. But as he commenced, so he continued.

What he did for the first part of the movement, he did for the whole of it, nay, in many of his sonatas, for all the movements. The unity of a movement is brought about when, in spite of contrasts and diversity of all sorts, some central thought governs and informs the whole. The more this can be done without vain repetition or monotony, the more satisfactory the result. In this consists the greatness of the Allegro of the Appassionata, the "Adieu" of Op. 81A, the Maestoso and Allegro of Op. 111.

But now let us in conclusion notice how Beethoven tried to make the various movements of a sonata, while complete, musically in themselves, yet only parts of a whole, acts of one drama. There is, of course, one simple way of connecting two movements, i.e. by using the same theme in both. This Beethoven has done in his A flat sonata, Op. 110: the opening theme of the Moderato is afterwards used as the subject of the final fugue. That alone would, however,

constitute but a weak bond of union: the same earnest spirit, the same indefinable longing, the same wealth of workmanship dwells in both.

Then he sometimes made the themes of various movements not exactly, but sufficiently alike to enable one to trace them all to one common source, as in first, second, and fourth movements of the "Pastorale," and the first, second, and fourth movements of Op. 106. These are curious facts, and in their way interesting enough; and may have been the germs whence sprang the metamorphoses of themes, and leading themes as used by Berlioz and Liszt.

The strongest examples of unity are, however, the most difficult to describe. Who, for example, would hesitate to name the three movements of the so-called "Moonlight" as the perfection of unity? Yet who would care to reason about it? It is a matter of feeling rather than of knowledge. The same may be said of the D minor sonata (Op. 31, No. 2), of the Appassionata, and of many others.

Still, though the feeling produced is, after all, the most important, the musical student will do well not to disdain to notice many features common to various movements, which intensify, if they do not cause the unity.

The oneness of mood produces at times oneness of manner. We shall now illustrate our meaning by a few examples. Compare the principal themes of the first and last movements of the Appassionata. First of all there is a vague resemblance between them, but does not the arpeggio chord of the Neapolitan sixth in the finale



recall the arpeggio chord of the parent chord of the minor second in the first movement



And is there no connection between the fate notes of the opening movement and the commencement



of the finale? Or between the agitated



bar in the coda of the first movement, and the calm opening



of the Andante?

If these be accepted as something more than mere fancies, then examination of the Beethoven sonatas will show many of a similar kind.

In conclusion, we beg to remind our readers that we have not attempted an exhaustive analysis of Beethoven's sonatas. We have simply tried to show what wealth of material there is in them. If, as the result of these brief papers, any student should feel inclined to study the works themselves, either to meditate on or criticise what we have said, or to seek further information, they will not have been written in vain.

## A Visit to the Wagner Festival at Bayreuth.

From our Special Correspondent.

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THE usually quiet old town of Bayreuth was the scene of much bustle and excitement on Wednesday the 8th of August, the day on which we arrived there to be present at the performance of Wagner's Swan-song, "Parsifal," at the now well-known theatre erected under the master's supervision for the production of his works. After having deposited our bags and other "impediments" at our lodgings (which, fortunately, we had engaged previously), we joined the stream of carriages and foot-passengers wending their way up the long tree-lined avenue leading to the theatre, which is charmingly situated in the midst of lovely country, on a hill overlooking the dreamy old town. At about ten minutes before the advertised hour of commencement, viz. 4 P.M., the "Take, eat" motive sounded on trumpets and trombones from the portico, warned the scattered audience that it was time for all to enter. Without crush or inconvenience, owing to the perfect arrangement of doors and seats, we found ourselves in a very few moments in our appointed places.

The theatre, or rather art-temple, for anything more unlike the average play or opera house can hardly be imagined, was dimly lighted by several rows of lamps, which were almost extinguished before the first note of the marvellous "Vorspiel" rose from the hidden orchestra. Silence now reigns, every one is eagerly listening for the beautiful "Take, eat" motive with which the "Vorspiel" opens. At once the beauty of the orchestra is evident, the performance of this wonderful epitome of the whole drama being very fine; the "tempi," however, adopted by Herr Mottl, being somewhat slower than what I have been accustomed to under Richter and Levi. The curtains part, and to the solemn tones of trumpets and trombones behind the scenes, a charming landscape, glowing in the morning sun, presents itself to our view. It is a forest-grove on Montsalvat, where is situated the castle of the Holy Grail. Throughout this scene, the acting and singing of Herr Gillmeister (Gurnemanz), Frau Materna (Kundry), and Herr van Dyck (Parsifal) are masterly in the extreme, a suspicion of false intonation, however, somewhat marring one or two of the earlier passages allotted to Gurnemanz. The same may be said of Amfortas,

the sick king (Herr Reichmann). This lasted but for a short time, and anything more moving and heartrending than Amfortas' agonizing solo when his incurable wound breaks forth afresh at the sight of the Holy Grail when he is administering the spiritual food to the assembled knights, cannot well be conceived. A word must be said here in reference to the interior of the castle on Montsalvat. The scene was one not easily to be forgotten. A domed hall of Alhambra-like splendour, supported on marble

description of the incidents of this marvellously poetical conception; enough be it to say that at the conclusion of the act, the audience remained for a moment as if spell-bound, and many, I amongst the number, were for a time almost speechless with emotion. The second act in Klingsor's castle and magic garden, the whole in the greatest possible contrast to the solemnity of the first act, is chiefly memorable for the enchanting chorus of flower-maidens. Words cannot express the charm of this delicious music, every detail of which was faithfully reproduced in performance. Here the singing and acting of Frau Materna as Kundry were worthy of high admiration, although I thought that her voice was not quite as fresh as in 1886. The last act, containing the wondrous "Good-Friday" music, so full of holy calm, the mysterious progress of Parsifal and Gurnemanz through the forests of Montsalvat to the Temple of the Grail, and the final scene where Parsifal, the guileless one, the "Pure Fool," takes Amfortas' place as king of the Grail, at the same time healing his wound by a touch of the holy spear which he has regained from Klingsor, is truly a most remarkable creation, and the impression left on the mind at the close of the whole is one of deep solemnity.

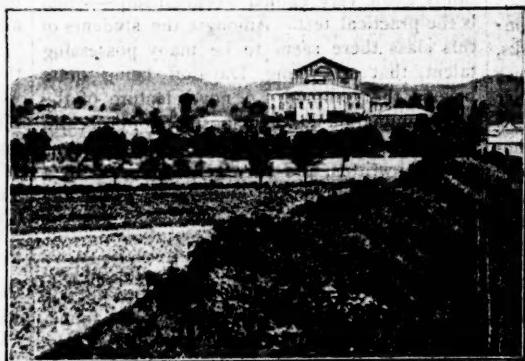
How different is all this to an ordinary opera, in an ordinary opera-house! No idle loungers here, who "drop in" to pass away an hour or two; here all is "Art," and the master's works are heard in a spirit of reverence which seems to animate both performers and audience.

On Thursday, the 9th, was performed "Die Meistersinger," that delightful masterpiece, such a contrast in style to the religious solemnity of "Parsifal." Here all is bright and happy, and a quaint mediævalism

in the ruling tone. Dr. Richter in this case occupied the conductor's seat, and certainly produced the most superb effects from his orchestra. The mounting of the music drama was splendid, in fact a triumph of stage management, and the performance went through without a slip. The "Eva" of Frau Sucher was charming in its tenderness, while the "Hans Sachs" of Herr Scheidemann was deep, thoughtful, and touching. It seemed to me, on the other hand, that Herr Gudehus, who, however, sang uncommonly well, was not an ideal "Walther von Stolzing," looking somewhat old for the part. But it is difficult to find fault when the average of excellence is so high.

Enough that we came away ravished with the kaleidoscopic variety and beauty of the music, which, rendered by that grand orchestra, was worth coming miles to hear.

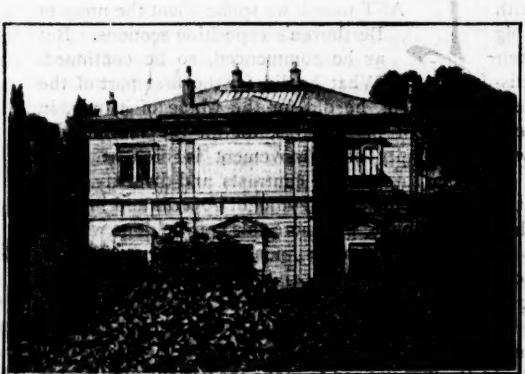
Through the kindness of Dr. Richter we



THE WAGNER THEATRE.



BAYREUTH, FROM THE TOWER OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.



WAHNFRIED, WAGNER'S HOUSE.

pillars, circled above by a gallery of marble, from which the sweet voices of boys chant the "Love and faith" motive, thrilling one to the heart. All this formed a picture to be remembered for years. Space forbids a detailed

## Scenes from "Parsifal."



## ACT I.

*Third Esquire.* But, father, now say ; I'd like to know, thou knewest Klingsor,—how was that so ?



## ACT I.

*Gurnemanz.* Say, boy, perceivest thou thy heinous sin ? How couldst thou have acted thus ?

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were shown all over the theatre next morning by Herr Moritz, the theatre inspector. The orchestra, which is completely hidden from view, accommodates 108 players, the conductor being so placed that he can see all that goes on upon the stage, as well as all the members of his band. The stage is, as far as I could judge, about 140 feet in depth, and 200 feet in height, and the scenic arrangements are wonderfully complete and perfect. The auditorium is capable of seating 1600 persons.

In one of the ante-rooms are deposited all the wreaths sent on the occasion of Wagner's funeral, including offerings from England, France, America, and indeed all parts. Amongst others, I noticed a charming tribute to the great musician's memory, sent by the present Emperor of Germany, who is a devoted admirer of the master.

A visit to Wagner's house and grave, which is situate in the garden surrounding the house, completed our Bayreuth pilgrimage, and at 1.30 on Friday, August 10th, we left regretfully, nevertheless hoping that at some future time we might return to the scene of such a glorious art triumph.

C. S. MACPHERSON.

## The Story of Parzifal.

(ARRANGED FROM THE MUSIC-DRAMA OF  
RICHARD WAGNER, BY G. W. L. M. H.)

— o —

### I.

**T** was in the domain of the Holy Grail. The fragrant loveliness of the forest was yet in a flutter of bashful delight at the awakening kiss of the fresh beauteous morning-light. The breeze was caressing the smiling ripples of the lake in the oak-girt hollow, when a wondrous solemn sound, as of some mighty trumpet, permeated the peaceful region. From beneath a giant oak the figure of an old but vigorous-looking man uprose, whose white beard fell over his breast: "Hey! ho! forest-keepers," cried he to two youths, who, together, were yet in deep sleep, "sleep-keepers, I should rather call you!—Do you not hear the morning-call from the castle of the Holy Grail? Come! up! and thank God that we are permitted to hear it yet again!" Side by side the three knelt, the old time-worn man, and the youths; the forest too murmured in unison with their prayer.

"Haste, my children! see to the bath! even now the king is wending his way hither: I see his forerunners approaching!" and two knights attired in white linen robes, such as the guardians of the Holy Grail ever wore, were seen coming along the wood-bound path. "Hail, sirs!" cried the old man, "How fares the king to-day? Has the healing herb, that Gawain so hardly won, eased his anguish?" "Alas, good Gurnemanz," answered the knight, "couldst thou that knowest all, hope it? sleepless, worn out with never-ceasing pain, he has bidden us prepare his bath." "I know," continued Gurnemanz, "seek as we may, 'tis vain; one there is who alone can give relief—when shall he come?" "See, father!" interrupted one of the two boy-esquires, who had meanwhile walked towards the lake, and wonderingly he pointed to where a horsewoman flew rather than rode towards them, "see yon mad rider!—her horse stumbles—falls!" and as they all

gazed eagerly, a woman, her robes girt round with a snakeskin girdle, her long hair hanging dishevelled down, of dark complexion, and piercing black eyes, which alternately flashed wildly or grew dim and glassy as she were in pain, came more reeling than running towards them. Speaking in short broken sentences, she held out to Gurnemanz a curious flask: "Here!—take this!—Balsam!" "Whence dost thou bring this?" asked he wonderingly. "From further than thy thought can guess; if this heals not the king, Arabia has nought else more potent:—Ask no further!—I am weary!—weary!" So saying she flung herself on the ground, while the rest turned to where the sick king Amfortas came, borne on a litter, accompanied by his knights and esquires. Gurnemanz bending tenderly over him, learnt how vain had been every remedy: "One only is there," said the king, "who can lighten my ills. Thus was it promised me, and for him I wait:—the guileless fool whom compassion shall make wise." "Yet, sire, try if this wondrous potion may not ease thy wounds; yon wild woman, Kundry, hath brought it from afar. Hither, Kundry!—Come!" But she stirred not, and at the king's words of thanks only moved uneasily on the ground, saying, "To me no thanks!—what is of use?—on—on—thy bath!" and so the procession moved forwards, Gurnemanz looking after it with deep grief.

Meanwhile some of the boys gathered round Kundry, and began to speak to her: "Why do you lie there like a wild beast?" She only answered meekly, "Are not the wild beasts sacred here?" "Yes truly, but whether you be so or no is another matter!" said one; and another joined in, "I believe she would destroy our master with her drugs!" "H'm!" quoth Gurnemanz, overhearing, "what harm has she done you? Often she has borne tidings for us to distant lands, where our warriors were fighting against the heathen hordes; and surely, if she be under some curse, the good deeds she doth for us will in time set her free. Misfortune ever came upon us when she kept long away. Titrel, our king's father, when first he built yon castle of the Grail, found her rigid in death-like trance, lying in the woods,—and thus I lately found her when that dreadful mishap befell Amfortas. O wondrous spear!" continued he, seemingly lost in his reflections, "that once did pierce our Saviour's side! well I remember how Amfortas, armed with thee, went against the enchanter Klingsor—how, when before his fortress, a woman more wondrously beautiful than ought I e'er beheld, cast her charms over the king, allured him into her embrace, and how, as he lay there, spell-bound, the crafty Klingsor snatched the holy weapon from him, and pierced his side. Thus did he receive the fearful wound which none may heal—but one!"

At these words the two esquires reappeared, bearing news that the bath of balsam had somewhat eased the king's pain; they, too, seated themselves by Gurnemanz at the foot of the oak tree, while Kundry still kept her former position, apart. Said one of the youths, "Say, dear father, you knew Klingsor—how was that?" "To Titrel, my children," he began, "when the earth was being laid waste by the heathen, the holy messengers of our Saviour appeared in the midst of the night, bearing the sacred vessel wherefrom our Lord drank at that last great supper, and which received the blood which fell from His wounds as He hung from the cross; this, together with the spear that spilled that glorious blood, was given by the angels into Titrel's guard, that thereby his knights might receive a wondrous strength and might. He therefore built a sanctuary for the sacred tokens,

which none but the pure may approach. Hence entrance was denied to Klingsor, who had taken abode in yonder pagan land. Mad with the thought of some fearful sin, which he was powerless to stifle, he wished to find forgetfulness through the Holy Grail; but by its guardian was scornfully turned away. Since then Klingsor, having found how from his very sin he might possess himself of a most unholy infamous magic power, has transformed the desert, where he dwells, into gardens filled with women of wondrous beauty, by whom he seeks to withdraw our knights from their allegiance, and, alas! but too often successfully. Once in his power, they are for ever lost.

"When Titrel grew old, to his son Amfortas he bequeathed his sacred office.—Know the sequel. Now Klingsor holds the spear, which has power to subdue all, even our knights, and he deems the Grail already his. Before the shrine Amfortas lay in agony, beseeching pardon and aid, when from it a glorious radiance proceeded, and a voice spoke: 'Wait for him chosen by me, the guileless fool whom compassion shall make wise!'"

As Gurnemanz pronounced these words, sudden cries were heard in the forest, and from the lake a swan came fluttering through the air, and fell wounded to death at their feet. Hardly had they time to seek the cause when a group of knights and esquires came along, bringing with them a strange youth equipped with bow and arrows. Gravely addressing him, Gurnemanz asked if it was he that dared profane the sacred domain of the Grail by such a murderous deed, to which he answered, apparently unconcerned, that it was so. But as Gurnemanz went on to describe how thoughtlessly and cruelly he had acted, and, pointing to the dying swan, showed the wound made by his arrow—the stifling blood—the powerless wings—the fading light in its eyes—and their anguished look, the youth in great emotion broke his bow into pieces, and drew his hand across his eyes.

Then the old man, seeing his penitence, questioned him further: Whence did he come? Who was his father? Who sent him there? What was his name? But he could answer nothing. So, whilst the knights and esquires reverently bore off the swan on a bier of green leaves, Gurnemanz, muttering that hitherto he had only found such dense stupidity among beasts, tried to draw from him something of his history, and by the help of Kundry, who in her wanderings had seen him, learnt that he and his mother lived alone in the woods, for Gaumret his father having been killed in battle, she hoped to save him from a like fate by rearing him in the desert far from his kind; but that one day he had seen men on noble steeds and in a glittering armour passing along, who had laughed at his simplicity; that he had ever since followed after, wishing to be like them, defending himself with his bow from wolves and enemies. When, however, Kundry went on to say that as she was riding by lately, she found his mother dying in the forest, the strange youth in a sudden frenzy sprang at her throat, and was with difficulty held back by Gurnemanz, then, faint with the violence of his emotion, fell to the ground. But Kundry fetched water from the brook to bathe his head, and leaving him to the fatherly care of Gurnemanz, drew to one side, and throwing herself on the ground, crawled unperceived towards a thicket, as if under the influence of some spell, muttering to herself, "Rest!—rest!—I would nought else! I am weary!—to sleep!—O that none might wake me!"

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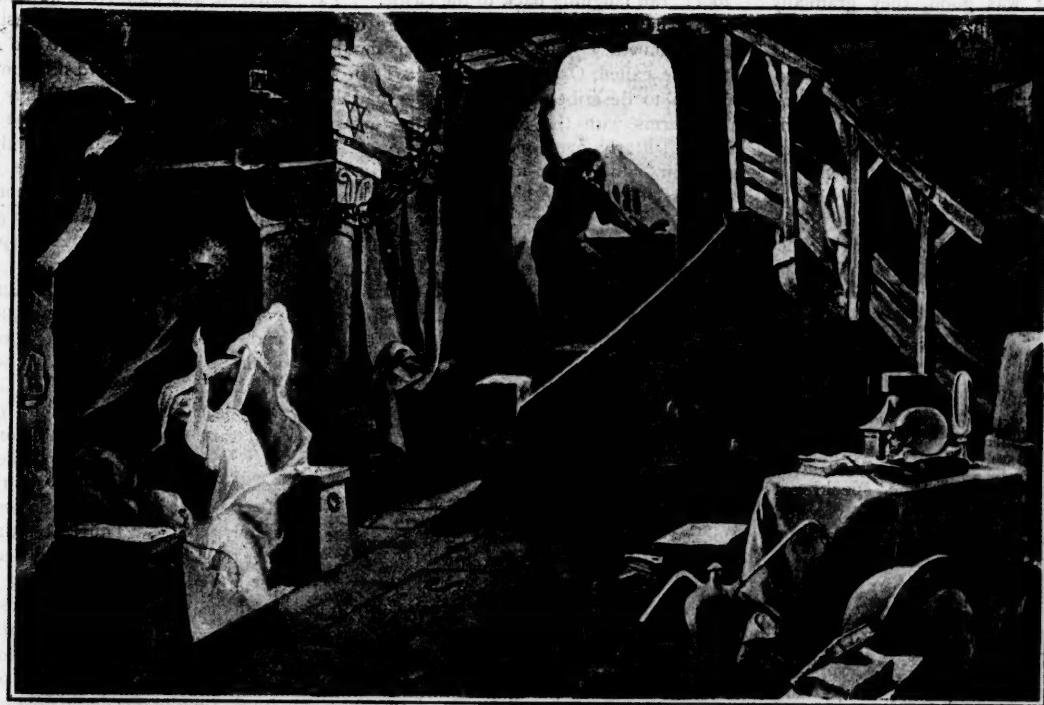
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## Scenes from "Parsifal."



ACT I.

*Gurnemanz. Now, give good heed, and let me see if thou'rt a fool and pure,  
What wisdom thou canst presently secure.*



ACT II.

*Klingsor. Hey, Kundry! what, gone to work? Ha, ha! the charm I wot full well which ever completes  
thee to my work.*

bath. Gurnemanz seeing this, told Parsifal, for the youth is the guileless one, that now was the time when all who were pure might refresh themselves at the holy feast; and, assisting him to his feet, they wended their way through ever-changing scenery, drawn forwards by the power of the Grail, till, through a rocky causeway, its lofty halls, thronged with knights and esquires, became apparent, while around and above they heard the beauteous sound of voices singing the wonders of that sacred meal.

To Parsifal it seemed as a wonderful dream, but that which riveted his closest attention was Amfortas, in the midst on his couch, in deep suffering; and as four boys everently placed before him the holy shrine, and the voice of Titurel admonished him to fulfil the duties of his sacred office, Amfortas' agony became more and more fearful. In heart-rending accents he compared his own unworthiness to the purity of the Saviour, who had been wounded by the self-same spear, till, overcome by his emotion, begging for mercy and pardon, that his life and inheritance might be taken, so that his sin were forgiven, and he might but die cleansed and redeemed, — he sank back unconscious, while from above the pure children's voices repeated the words of the promise, "Wait for him, the guileless fool, by sympathy made wise!"

Then from the golden shrine the four boys took a crystal cup, and, removing the cover, set it before Amfortas, who bowed in earnest prayer over it, whilst a deep darkness overspread the hall. Suddenly from above a piercing ray of light fell on to the cup, which glowed in purple lustre ever brighter and brighter; then Amfortas, taking it in his hand, waved it from side to side in blessing over the kneeling knights. After which the daylight gradually returned. When the knights had eaten and drunk of what was apportioned them by the boys, from two baskets and pitchers during a holy exhortation to be true to one another, and to work for what was good, they gradually departed, till Gurnemanz and Parsifal alone remained. The latter, who had been deeply affected by the anguish of Amfortas, had remained since his last cry as if petrified, clutching his heart tightly, and even now seemed utterly dazed and bewildered. Gurnemanz, however, took him roughly by the arm and, opening a side portal, pushed him out, bidding him go on his way, and then turned himself to follow the knights, while from above a single voice seemed to be gently wasted down, "Wait for him, the guileless fool, by compassion made wise!"

## II.

On the rampart of the inner turret of his castle sat Klingsor before a metal mirror. Around him were scattered necromantic implements, and a sombre weirdness hung over all. "The time has come!" cried he, speaking to himself, "see how my castle lures on yon fool, who approaches with childlike shouts. I must to work!" Descending from his position, he commenced to kindle some incense, and to make certain cabalistic signs. "Hither, Kundry! — thy master calls! — Obey!" and as he spoke a bluish smoke arose, in the midst of which the form of Kundry, as a woman of wondrous beauty, apparently in deep sleep, was perceptible. Suddenly, uttering a fearful cry, she awoke. "Ha!" continued he, "so thou hast been again among thy knights,—whose chief thy allurements gave in my power!" She groaned deeply, but he continued unheeding. "Wouldst make reparation for the harm thou hast done? — In vain! — thou art mine! Even now my art shall compel thee to resume thy

proper nature! See! my knights fall before yon witless boy who approaches.— To thee he in turn must fall!" As he finished, the agony of the woman became terrible to witness. "O misery!" she hoarsely gasped, "O eternal sleep — my only salvation—how shall I win thee?" "He who spurns thee shall set thee free!" answered Klingsor; "o'er me alone thou hast no power!" "Art thou then so chaste?" laughed she bitterly, and at her words the remembrance of some awful crime seemed awakened in his breast, and he writhed in torment, and with fierce threats turned again to the ramparts. "See the young fool, how proudly he stands on the wall. All give way before him! Aha! when thy purity is gone, thou too wilt be mine, and for that Kundry shall care! — Hey! Kundry! — What, already to work?" he added, as turning round he perceived that she had disappeared; and at a sign the whole tower sank in the ground, while in its stead a wondrous fair garden appeared, on whose boundary wall stood the same strange youth whose dulness had awakened the ire of good old Gurnemanz. From the beauteous bowers lovely damsels came flocking round him, reproaching him for having wounded their lovers, then vying with one another to entice him, some running out and decking themselves with flowers, then the others, jealous, doing the same, while the youth, bewildered, stood in their midst; till at last, weary of their importunities, he broke away from them with a stern rebuke, when suddenly his retreat was arrested by a voice from an arbour at one end of the garden, where Kundry, transformed into a marvellously lovely woman, and lying on a couch of flowers, dawned gradually into view: "Parsifal! fly not!" she cried, and he stopped, filled with wonder. "Thus it was that my mother called me as she lay dreaming," he mused, while Kundry admonished the damsels. "Hence! foolish wantons — back to your lovers!" And they crying, "Farewell, thou proud and beauteous boy, thou — fool!" ran laughing back to the castle. "Fal Parsi, I named thee, thou foolish pure one!" she continued; "but Parsifal, thou shouldst rather be called, O guileless fool!" Then she went on to describe how his mother had died in her arms with the grief of losing him, till Parsifal, utterly overcome, sank down at her feet, then bidding him forget his grief in love, she pressed her lips to his. But he, starting up as if in violent pain, seemed again to see and feel the agony of Amfortas, and crying, "The spear wound! the spear wound! — I feel it even now burning in my heart!" he fell on his knees, beseeching the Redeemer to pardon him, the simple fool who had fled, thinking with childish deeds to win peace again for the sufferer! "Hence!" cried he to Kundry, "with such gestures and words didst thou hurl salvation from him!" "O cruel one!" pleaded she, "spurn me not! for thee long years I have waited! If thou canst feel pity, pity me, whom the gentle glance of the Saviour, at whom I mocked, has condemned to endless torment, which thy love alone can quell!" But he answered her, "Nay! that would surely ruin thee and me too, for holiness alone can win for thee redemption. Point me out the way to Amfortas, and thou shalt have redemption and love both!" Then she in wrath cried, as he sprang away from her, "Accursed be that way to thee! — Wander! for never shalt thou find it! Here is one shall be thy trusty guide!" At these words the form of Klingsor appeared on the castle walls, brandishing the spear, but as he cast it at Parsifal, it remained floating over the latter's head, and he, grasping it, made the sign of the cross, whereupon the whole castle fell to ruins, and the gardens withered up

to a desert, while Kundry sank down with a cry. Surmounting the ruins, Parsifal was departing, when he suddenly turned round, and gazing at Kundry, spoke, "Thou knowest where thou canst find me again!" and with that disappeared, while she, raising herself slightly, gazed after him.

## III.

It was a fresh spring morning as Gurnemanz, now very aged, and in the habiliments of a hermit, came to the door of his hut and listened. "Methought I heard groans!" said he; and, striding resolutely to a thicket, tore away the brambles, discovering the form of Kundry, who lay stiff as if dead. Bearing her to a grassy mound, he began to chafe her hands and temples, till at last she opened her eyes. After gazing long and fixedly at the old man, she suddenly, and without a word, rose and went to work to draw water from the well. "Thou crazy wench!" quoth he; "hast thou ought to say to me, who have a second time delivered thee from a deathly trance?" Bowing her head, she muttered only, "Work! — work!" and, filling her pitcher, went into the hut. In the meanwhile a knight, clad from head to foot in black armour, had entered on the scene, and seated himself by the spring, apparently heedless of all but his own thoughts; and to Gurnemanz's greeting answered merely by an inclination of the head; then said the latter, "If thy vow binds thee to silence, mine own bids me tell thee that thou art in a holy place, where none may come armed. And, besides, knowest thou not 'tis Good Friday morn?" But the knight, still speechless, thrust his spear in the ground, and removing his helmet, knelt in fervent prayer. Then said Gurnemanz to Kundry, "Surely 'tis he who long ago killed the Swan!" And then, recognising the sacred spear, broke into pious thanksgiving to God that the longed-for day had at last arrived. Then Parsifal, rising, greeted him, and gave thanks to heaven that after long suffering and wandering he had at last reached the goal, and expressed his desire that he might be that very day conducted to Amfortas. Gurnemanz, in return, told him how since that day when he parted from them they had never tasted of the Grail, lacking which the strength of their nerves had failed; and Titurel, his old master, died. When he heard this mournful news, Parsifal, overcome with emotion, grew faint. Then Kundry, unbuckling his gloves and corselet, bathed his feet in the spring water, and Gurnemanz, sprinkling his head, solemnly blessed him; after which Kundry, drawing a golden flask from her bosom, anointed his feet, and, unbinding her hair, dried them with it; whereupon he, taking from her the flask, and placing it in the hands of Gurnemanz, said: "My feet she hath anointed; now let the friend of Titurel anoint my head, for it is appointed that to-day I shall be hailed king." This accomplished, he turned to the still kneeling Kundry, and besprinkled her head with the water, saying, "Thus I baptize thee, and bid thee trust henceforth in the Redeemer!" While she bowed her head, weeping bitterly, he gazed round in rapture at the woods and plains, joyously gleaming in the morning light, and taking Kundry's hand, followed Gurnemanz in the direction of the castle of the Holy Grail. Again they proceeded through the rocky causeway, through which the solemn peal of bells echoed, till they entered the sacred precincts. After them came two processions of knights bearing litters, in which lay Amfortas and Titurel. Amid exclamations of grief the coffin of the latter was opened, that yet once more they might gaze on his face. And again, at the behest of the knights, Amfortas, bitterly

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Gurnemanz, iments of a and listened. said he; and, were away the Kundry, who to a grassy and temples. After gazing him suddenly, "How to work to lazy wench!" said to me, who came from a land, she mutely, filling her meanwhile a black armour, and himself by the head; binds thee to see that thou come armed. Good Friday helpless, thrust moving his Then said he who was then, recognisous thanksgiving had at length, after long last reached that he might Kortas. Gurnemanz, since that day he ever tasted the worth of their old master, joyful news, grew faint, and corsage water, and solemnly drawing a sword his feet, and with it a flask, and Kortanz, said: "The friend appointed us." This kneeling with the sword and bid him! " While he gazed in amazement, joyfully, and Gurnemanz, Holy Grail, quickly cause a ring of bells to resound in the precincts of the knights of Kortas and the coffin once more again, at which bitterly

# Scenes from "Parzifal."



## ACT II.

*Parsifal.* Ye lovely maidens, had I not to slay them, when they endeavoured to check approach to your charms?



ACT III.

*Parsifal.* Thou know'st where thou canst find me.

reproaching himself for the misery he had caused, vainly endeavoured to bring himself to approach the Holy Grail. In fearful agony, tearing open his robe, and showing the never-closed wound, he besought them rather to bury their swords in his body, that, freed from the sinner, they might again be blessed. As all shrank back, appalled by his anguish, Parsifal stepped forward, and with the spear-point touched the wound, exclaiming, "Be thou whole, absolved, and redeemed, for henceforth I am appointed king in thy place. Blessed be thy sufferings, for they have taught to the timid fool compassion's wondrous might and knowledge's purest power! Behold once more the holy spear! No longer shall the blessing be wanting. Uncover the Holy Grail!" Then, while Amfortas, his face irradiated with rapture, sank together with the knights on his knees, he ascended to the altar and bent over the sacred vessel in deep prayer. Kundry, gazing enraptured up at him, sank slowly to the ground, dead. Gradually a luminous glow pervaded the Grail, and as it reached its intensest brightness, a dove descended, hovering o'er the head of Parsifal, who, taking the holy cup in his hand, waved it in benediction over the kneeling knights.

## The Bayreuth Performances.

"PARSIFAL;" ITS TEACHING AND NOBLE AIM.

BY G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

—o:—

**I**T is with a feeling of awe and veneration that I ever approach this beautiful and sacred work; for not only is the simple pure beauty of the allegory most affecting, but in it is to be read the agonizing self-conflicts, the terrible temptations, the struggles, the falls, the penitence, the aspiring yearnings of the passionate man whose whole life was a fierce warfare against his own nature, and the evils which girt his fellow-men. In Parsifal Richard Wagner seems to have reviewed his whole life, and, wittingly or unwittingly, left a clue by which his altogether extraordinary and contradictory character might be better understood by posterity than by his contemporaries.

A general sketch of the allegory is given in another place; but the beauty and depth of thought which underlie the dialogue can only be properly appreciated by a study of the original.

Turning to the music, anything more entirely different from Wagner's earlier works it would be difficult to conceive. This difference lies in the change of spirit pervading the themes. As in all works of genius, the main strength, the foundation on which the whole is erected, is the theme. Wagner, like Beethoven, ever says, "Here is the germ of my thought: now see what a world of beauty it suggests." He who can write a grand meaning-sraught theme is a genius. Not that the worth of a theme is always instantly recognisable; it may contain a depth only to be understood and appreciated after mature acquaintance. Such are the Grail theme, the Parsifal theme, and, in fact, most of Beethoven's and Wagner's themes.

The technical qualifications of a really inspired theme-thought, which, however, in spirit is indefinable, consist of (1) a manly strength of harmony; (2) an individuality and power of rhythm; (3) the outcome of these: a purity and simplicity of melody.

It is this trifold quality of strength in harmony, beauty of rhythm, and purity of melody, which Richard Wagner possessed in a degree exceeded by none, and equalled only by Beethoven, that—while at first, from the very originality implied in its possession, regarding his success—has at last placed him at the head of tone-poets. In "Parsifal," the chief characteristics of the themes are, (1) as regards those in connection with the Holy Grail, a certain solemn severity akin to that of Bach, and an intensely fervent religious passion; (2) in those of Parsifal, a youthful vigour, a fearless eagerness; (3) in those representing nature, a simple peacefulness—in truthful contrast to the storm in the breast of man. There quote the themes with an explanation of their application throughout the drama.

1. The Grail themes are three in number; of these the first is divisible into three distinct rhythms, each of which has its own individual character and meaning, and which is again subdivisible.



a. represents the body and blood of Christ, which He offered in expiation of the world's sin.

b. represents the wound, the physical suffering inflicted by the spear, which is the embodiment of the mental suffering inflicted by the world's sin.

c. represents the Holy Spear in its actual and metaphorical sense, and is thus divided: c 1. the Holy Spear; c 2. the metaphorical spear, the sin which pierces the mind even as the spear pierces the body. It is afterwards developed into this form—



also:



Represents the sanctifying power embodied in, and the mystery of the Holy Grail.



Represents the strength for new labour in the cause of good, which the Grail imparts to those who partake of it.

The Parsifal themes are two in number—



The guileless fool whom compassion shall make wise,—the type of Christ's words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven."



The fearless, all-conquering hero-warrior.



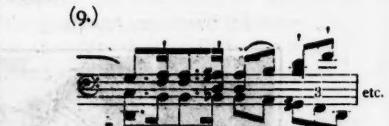
Represents the suffering King Amfortas.



The peaceful joy of nature, and is akin to that in Act iii., which forms part of the "Good Friday" music.



which also occurs in the "Good Friday" music, represents the atonement, fraught with gladness to all.



Represents the wandering over the earth, and is typical of the conscious or instinctive desire of action in mankind.



Kundry, the sinning woman, who, repentant and longing for forgiveness and a holy life, is yet held back by the power of the sin she has committed.



Represents the call of the Grail, which draws to it those worthy to partake, for it is approached by no earthly road. With this is intimately connected the solemn peal of its bells—



and the theme in Act iii., typical of the mis-

shall make  
'Except ye  
not enter the

blood washing out all sin.  
The spirit of the world is here.  
He comes to us because he originates and  
he who has been born of us is now  
and he who is born of us is now.

### Scenes from "Parzifal."



#### ACT III.

*Gurnemanz (softly to Kundry). Dost know who 'tis? He who long since laid low the swan.*

(Kundry confirms him by a slight nod.) *For sure 'tis he.*



#### ACT III.

*Gurnemanz. The hour has come. Permit thy servant, my lord, hence to lead thee.*

fortunes and sorrow ensuing from the inability of Amfortas to administer the sacrament of the Grail any longer to the knights—

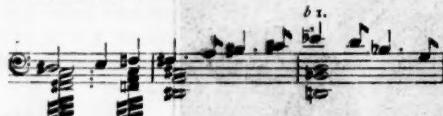


In which phrase (a.) prominently figures.



These are Klingsor's themes. They are given in every imaginable form, and are thus divisible:

(a.) Of which the following may be considered a modification:—



represents the magic art, of which he possessed himself by means of the sin which damned him; and is typical of the power gained by an evil unscrupulous man over one who has once fallen.

(b.) is the inextinguishable torment of the sin itself, and the hatred it engenders to all that is good and pure.

(c.) is the unchaste passion inherent in himself, and by means of which he gains power over others.

(d.) is the resistless spell by which the power gained is applied.

These themes, with their manifold modifications, expansions, contractions, variations, and admixtures, are used to add force to, comment on, and give a subtle underlying meaning to the words and action of the drama. We are accustomed, before going to a Shakespeare play, to read in the various commentators a minute analysis of the less apparent intentions of the dramatist, which might escape a first hearing, and the greatness of his works lies for a great part in the pregnancy of his ideas, in that the more we study the more we find in them. It is the same with Wagner, who uses his themes, interpreted by the orchestra, to supply the place of the commentator; they make plain those underlying depths of thought which require more minute analysis to grasp.

The voice parts are so written as to bring out the sense of the words clearer and with more inner significance than is possible with the mere speaking voice. No elocutionist can put such variety of emotion and passion into the words as the singer. We hear a sentence of Shakespeare spoken with many different inflections, each of which entirely alters the emotional sense. With Wagner this is impossible, for the music gives to each word its due accentuation and prominence.

Not having space to minutely analyse the music of the whole drama, and point out the natural, spontaneous, yet deeply significant way in which the various themes are used, I must content myself with taking some of the most abstruse instances of the pregnant combinations he effects, leaving it to the reader to trace in the same way the development of the remainder. I will give an example from the "Klingsor" themes.

The power over Kundry is gained by Klingsor by means of her sin of unchastity; she, by doing service for the knights, strives to free herself from this thralldom. This is subtly sug-

gested when she first enters, having roamed the world in search of a balm for Amfortas' wound, by the combination of Nos. 9 and 12 c.



Later on, when Gurnemanz relates how Klingsor changed the desert into a wondrous garden, filled with women who strive to allure the knights into his power, 12 a. is combined with the two last significant notes of 12 c.; and the latter reversed and accentuated form the characteristic of the exquisite chorus of the flower-girls, when they seek to entice Parsifal. The idea of the gloom of the theme changing to bright attractiveness, even as the hideousness of sin is gilded over by the power of the enchanter, is deeply conceived and most beautiful.



Also, as it occurs in Act ii.:



This theme is also used in Act ii. where Kundry strives to lure Parsifal on, by telling him of his mother—



and where, at her kiss, Parsifal undergoes again all the throes of anguish which tortured Amfortas—



Besides that it has a close connection both in form and meaning with theme 10.—Kundry's anguish, and Nos. 1. c. 2, the sin of the world which pierced the Saviour's mind.

Leaving it to the student to examine further the art-concealing art by which the whole work is formed, and to trace out the profundity of thought typified throughout, I pass on to notice how distinctively each character is drawn in words, music, and form.

Gurnemanz, the good, somewhat garrulous old man, loving all, delighting to gather the young around him, and to tell them of his experiences.

Amfortas, the deeply penitent and remorseful sinner, willing to quit his holy office and life, if by so doing he might be purified.

Kundry, the strange, wild, sin-fettered woman, hating, yet powerless to free herself from the power of her bonds.

Parsifal, the thoughtless, bold, yet deeply-feeling warrior, changed by the sight of agonizing suffering to an earnest compassionate hero.

Klingsor, the evil-doer who, tormented by the ineffaceable remembrance of his crimes, yet does not repent of them.

In what a masterful manner are these various types of good and evil contrasted; how *human* each character seems! I think that only Goethe and Shakespeare possess in the same degree Wagner's naturalness, humanity. Whoever he brings before us seems to claim a sort of kinship with us; he deals not with the peculiarities of races or countries, but with that inner heart of man, which is the same in the German as in the Chinaman or Zulu. We feel that, had we been placed in the position of his characters, we should have said and done just what they said and did; their feelings, or joy, or anguish, would have been ours. Thus a sympathetic chord is struck in our breasts, and these off-springs of his imagination haunt us; nor can we escape from the lessons which they convey. The sight of Amfortas' deep anguish will dwell ineffaceably before our eyes, as before Parsifal's.

The general effect which the hearing of this work, given in the midst of its harmonious surroundings, leaves, is awesome, solemn, and strengthening. The spiritual in man seems to have become more apparent.

It is such works as this "Parsifal" which, by setting forth the inherent possibility of nobleness, greatness, happiness in man, by holding up a lofty ideal of what we should be,—make us discontented with what we are; urge us on in the path of virtue and unselfishness; make us look on our fellow-men with feelings of love and compassion; keep us in remembrance that the simplest and purest man—and not he who has piled up the biggest heap of gold—is the most worthy our esteem and homage.

## Sunset.

A peaceful summer evening, crystal clear,  
With thrilling harmonies for eye and ear;  
The sea was sapphire, and the rhythmic beat  
Of breaking waves, made iteration sweet;  
Harebells and heather-bells together swinging,  
Amid the golden gorse, with noiseless ringing,  
Echoed the selfsame colours in the sky;  
The tender blue, one cloud that seemed to lie  
A purple, gold-fringed chariot for the sun,  
As to the underworld his course began.

For us remained an hour of deepening peace,  
Ere the sweet radiance should wholly cease;  
As homeward gliding on the winding river,  
We watched the crimson on the ripples quiver;  
Far as the wide horizon, yet so near,  
The oars we dipped into the waters clear,  
Touched the bright glory, and its rose and gold  
Up to our boat in floods of colour rolled.  
The old church tower against the ruddy glow  
Stood out, a landmark for all eyes, as though  
It were "a city set upon a hill."  
Then the stars looked on us, and all was still.

M. S. W.

CHRISTCHURCH, August.

Two decisions were made by the French Cabinet at the Élysée. First, on the proposition of M. Lockroy, the President of the Republic has signed a decree appointing M. Antonin Prout as special commissioner of the Fine Arts at the Exhibition of 1889. This decree was followed by an order of the minister, naming M. George Hecq as under special commissioner, another excellent choice. M. George Hecq is the chief of the secretaries in the service of the Fine Arts, and has recently been made director of the Fine Arts Association.

## Amateur Music.

From the French of Adolphe Adam.

**A**CCORDING to an old proverb, there are few things in this world more to be dreaded than a friendly dinner and an amateur concert. Proverbs are the wisdom of nations, and I know of none wiser or more veracious than that which I have just quoted. Happy is the man who is not afflicted with both these miseries at one and the same time. It is very seldom that after having been forced to swallow the friendly dinner, consisting as a rule of the classic *pot-au-feu*, relieved by those wholesome vegetables which remind you of the toothsome repasts of your school-days; it is seldom, I say, that after this Barmecide feast you are not also regaled with a little impromptu concert.

Perhaps the performer is a little girl of eight years old, who is to give you an opportunity of judging of her musical progress. The piano is opened, of which only half-a-dozen notes are out of tune, seeing that it has not been tuned since it was played for dancing at the last soiree. Then the darling child is asked to give a specimen of her talents for the delectation of the family friend. But the darling child, who is accustomed to amuse herself as she likes after dinner, pulls a face a yard long.

"Come, come, show the gentleman what a clever girl you are," says papa, drawing his daughter towards the piano. The child resists, papa gets angry, whereupon the embryo virtuoso bursts into tears. Here mamma puts in her word.

"Why are you so stern with her? You know how timid she is; she will be afraid to play now. Come, my love, be reasonable, and if you play your piece nicely, this gentleman, who loves all good little girls, will give you a kiss."

Delightful prospect! You had hoped you would get off with a little bad music, but now you will be obliged, whether you like it or not, to embrace the small child who is drying her eyes in a corner with the aid of her father's pocket-handkerchief. You resign yourself to your fate.

After a little more pressing you have the supreme felicity of listening to "Ah! vous dirai-je, maman!" "Je suis Lindor," and other airs of equal novelty, played out of time, and with an obligato accompaniment of wrong notes. When this charming performance comes to an end, you are obliged to submit to the promised embrace, and join your raptures to those of the proud parents.

"Isn't she wonderful?" asks papa; "there never was a more thoroughly musical organization; she has only learnt for two years. Her mother, who is an excellent musician, teaches her. Have you never heard my wife sing? She has a magnificent voice. My love, you must let our friend hear you; now don't be childish."

You are obliged to join your entreaties to those of your host, who fetches an old guitar, which it takes him a quarter of an hour to tune. Then joining his voice to that of his better half, he delights your ears with "Le Fleuve du Tage," or "Dormez donc, mes chères amours."

You generally take your hat after the latter duet and withdraw, thanking the amiable couple for the delightful evening you have spent, and you take care never to set foot in the house again.

I, who possess irritable nerves, and, in my quality of professional musician, hold amateurs in abhorrence, always make a point of inquiring whether people to whom I am offered an intro-

duction cultivate music or not. If they have the least taste for the exercise of that divine art, I refuse to have anything to do with them; I retire into myself, and, firm as a rock, am deaf to all entreaties.

It may be imagined that, such being my principles, I constantly change my lodgings. I have never been able to find a landlord who will agree to make it a *sine qua non* that my fellow-lodgers shall sign a certificate of musical incapacity; but wherever, in spite of padded doors and windows rigorously closed even in summer, the sound of a piano, violin, flute, or voice reaches my ears, the very next day I take my departure.

I say nothing of the organs and other instruments of torture which play under my windows. I have long recognised that they are a plague to which every quarter of Paris is subject, and which it is impossible to avoid even in the least civilised town. In vain I have tried the loneliest of lodgings; the street organs have always pursued me. I believed once that I was rid of them for ever. I had hired a little house in the plain of Monceau, where for three days I enjoyed absolute silence.

At the end of that period I was awoken at four o'clock in the morning by the sound of drums beneath my window. I leaped out of bed and rushed to the window. Judge of my horror and despair when, upon looking out, I saw a score of drummers of the Garde Nationale grouped in front of my house and holding a general rehearsal of all the tattoos and tantarras which can be extracted from that melodious instrument.

I saw that there was no rest for the wicked, in this world at any rate. I gave up my house, and returned to the heart of the great city. I became a misanthrope, and broke off all relations with the human race from the time I left my bed till seven o'clock in the evening, when I went to the Opera or the Opéra-Comique, where I saturated myself with real music, which has nothing in common with amateur music. I always took care to sit in some obscure corner, because amateurs pursue you everywhere, and there are many who are in the habit of beating time (generally wrong), or of singing with the performers.

I quarrelled with all my acquaintances who had musical families, and I only kept up relations of friendship with a retired sheriff's officer, M. Vincent by name, who was entirely ignorant of the fine arts, or at least so I believed. But the traitor broke the last tie which bound me to my own kind. He became an amateur, and that without knowing a note of music. Worse still, he dragged me with him to a horrible place, where they scrape, blow, and torture your ears, in the most atrocious fashion, and all for sixpence a week. Listen to the tale of my woes.

About a fortnight ago my friend invited me to dine with him. It was the first time he had entertained me, and although he had warned me that it was only a friendly dinner, I should have been perfectly justified in saying to him, as we rose from table, "I had no idea I was such a very intimate friend of yours." However, I will not dwell upon that first calamity, since it was the least of the evils that awaited me.

The meal over, I was about to take leave of my host, to go and hear "Robert le Diable" at the Opera, when this traitorous friend caught me by my coat-sleeve, exclaiming,

"What! are you in such a hurry to be off? Can't you spend one evening in my company? Perhaps you fancy I have prepared no after-dinner treat for you. Just let me get my hat; I have got a most delightful surprise in store

for you. If you are not satisfied, you must be hard indeed to please."

I gave in, we started, and presently found ourselves in the Rue des Petits Champs.

"Now we must wait for our carriage," said M. Vincent.

"What carriage? Where are we going?"

"My young friend, leave it all to me. I repeat, when you are there you will be delighted."

After waiting for a quarter of an hour in the cold and the rain, we saw one of those monsters approaching, which at night are to be seen afar off by their two glaring eyes of blue, yellow, or red. We got in. I paid my threepence, and abandoned myself to my fate, which some vague presentiment made me dread, nevertheless.

After half-an-hour the omnibus stopped, and we got out.

"Where are we? Rue de la Harpe." A curious quarter for a party of pleasure. Presently we paused in front of a big house, very high, very black, and very dirty, like all its neighbours.

"You see that light on the fourth floor. That is where we are going," said my guide. I meekly followed him. We groped our way up a steep staircase, till we reached a door dimly lighted by a night-light placed on a shelf. On the door was a placard with the word "Concert" written in large letters.

Here, I must confess, I felt my legs give way under me, and if it hadn't been for this weakness, I might have yielded to a demoniacal impulse which prompted me to pitch my unlucky friend down the four flights of stairs. However, I managed to restrain myself, and contented myself with digging my nails into the palms of my hands, as this new Mephistopheles cried with a triumphant laugh,

"Ha! you didn't expect that, did you?"

The door opened, and we entered. The first room contained nothing out of the common, but the second was very remarkable indeed. In the middle stood a piano covered with scores and orchestral parts; desks were arranged round the room, and against the walls hung every variety of musical instrument. A dozen people were already assembled. Upon our entrance there were simultaneous exclamations of "Ah, it is M. Vincent. Good-evening, M. Vincent; glad to see you," etc. After these civilities were concluded, hearing that the concert would not begin for an hour, I drew my friend into a corner, and extracted from him the following details about the assemblage in which we found ourselves:

"This society has been in existence more than thirty years. Here for a subscription of five francs a month, any amateur, whatever instrument he may play, can come once a week, and take part in the overtures and symphonies which are executed. They are allowed to use the music and instruments which you see around you. The room is warmed and lighted, and each member may bring a friend."

"But," I asked, "what makes you come here?"

"I, oh, I take my part."

"But do you play any instrument?"

"No, none, I do not even know my notes, but that is precisely why I am treated with so much respect and consideration. I take care never to place myself at a desk where there are not at least two other players. The conductor is a sufficiently good musician, who knows perfectly well which members are in the habit of playing wrong notes. As I content myself with only appearing to play, he has never found me out in a mistake, and consequently I pass here for an excellent musician. You will ask, perhaps, why I come here. I come because it is warm,

and cheap, and I enjoy the consideration with which I am treated. Besides, the society is very superior; there are students, employés, and tradesmen who prefer this gathering to a restaurant or a public-house, and you will find among them many people whose acquaintance you will be delighted to make."

While we talked, the room had rapidly filled; each player was at his desk, and for the past five minutes the conductor had been rapping with his bow on his score, in the vain hope of obtaining silence.

"Come, M. Vincent," cried the lattergentleman, "what instrument will you play to-day? Stop, there are some novices among the flutes; be so good as to give those young people a little support."

My companion went to the desk where sat three young men armed with their instruments. He took down a flute from the wall behind him, and blowing with the full force of his lungs, he drew therefrom a horrible husky sound, which might have been heard in the next street.

"Oh, what a beautiful note!" exclaimed one of the young flautists. M. Vincent smiled with a modest air, and the symphony began. I did not take my eyes off my friend, who encouraged his young comrades with a protecting air during the horrible charivari which ensued. The flutes could not make themselves heard, but during a pause, an unfortunate viola, who had got behind, set himself to execute an impromptu solo. The conductor bounded on his seat, and every one stopped dead.

"For heaven's sake, M. Vincent, take a viola; we shall never get on without that."

M. Vincent did not wait to be asked twice; he laid down his flute, and took up a viola. The performance began again, and this time there was no check. During the piano passages M. Vincent took snuff, blew his nose, or arranged his necktie; but when the turn came for the fortés, he scraped at his strings with fury, his companions imitated him, the violas dominated the whole orchestras, and at the end of the piece, M. Vincent received the congratulations of the leader and all the performers.

Pity my sufferings; I was obliged to listen to half-a-dozen overtures executed in a similar manner. You may perhaps ask which; it is impossible to say, for I did not recognise a single one, although I was assured that they were all by the best masters. At the end of the concert I had such a humming and buzzing in my head that I was obliged to take hold of my friend's arm as we walked home. I felt stunned; the rattle of the vehicles and the warning cry of the drivers could not reach my ears; for the time being I was completely deaf.

On reaching my lodgings I went to my landlord, paid him what I owed him, and quitted Paris the same night. At dawn I found myself in a lonely little village where I hope quondam friend will never discover me. I have hired the half of a little house occupied by the village schoolmaster, but I foresee that I shall soon be compelled to shift my quarters once again, since it has just been decreed in the new law of public instruction that singing is to be included in elementary education.

I am now alone in the world, the only friend I had left having become a musical amateur without knowing a note. What am I to do in future for society? Some years ago an advertisement appeared in the daily papers for a servant who did not know the air of "Robin des Bois." I am thinking of advertising for a friend who hates music, and knows nothing whatever about it. If you who read these lines should ever meet with a *rara avis* of this species, send him to me; to obtain such a treasure no sacrifice could prove too hard for a poor professional musician.

## The Chester Triennial Festival.

THE much-vexed question of the use of cathedrals for the holding of musical festivals has been stirred up once more in connection with the recent triennial performance at Chester. The battle which raged so fiercely at Worcester some years ago has been continued with equal zeal on both sides, and it remains to be seen whether the victory gained by the musical authorities at Worcester is likely to be repeated. That the Chester Festival Committee deserve the highest praise for the successful way in which all the arrangements were carried out, there can be no question; and there is good reason to believe that, in spite of the discouraging defection of many of the cathedral dignitaries, their efforts have been crowned with success both musical and financial.

The Chester Festivals are an old institution; we read of septennial performances in the last century, which were discontinued after the year 1829, when we find such names as Malibran and Braham, Cramer and Nori among the artistes. But, in spite of a clear profit of £1000 on that occasion, the festivals were for some unknown reason discontinued for half a century. In 1879 they were, however, revived and placed upon their present basis.

The limited guarantee fund at the disposal of the committee has, up to now, prevented any ambitious attempts at enlarging the scale of the performances; but, though the orchestra and chorus on this occasion were small, they were undoubtedly far superior in quality to those of previous years.

The orchestra was almost entirely composed of members of Sir Charles Halle's band, led by Herr Strauss, while the chorus was formed by Dr. Bridge's musical society, aided by large contingents from choral societies at Bradford and Manchester. The choice of soloists was decidedly good. Such performers as Madame Nordica, Miss Anna Williams, Miss Damian, Madame Belle Cole, Messrs. Edward Lloyd, Brereton, Grice, and Santley, ensure success in whatever they undertake. The selection of works to be rendered was also in most cases satisfactory.

A new and very interesting feature of the festival was the special performance of the "Hymn of Praise," which was given for the working classes in the cathedral on the Sunday preceding the festival week. They were admitted free of all payment, and over 6000 of the poorest of Chester were present. One of the papers expressed great indignation that, whereas the additional expense of this service amounted to £100, the offertory only realized £30, and consisted "almost entirely of copper;" but, considering the strenuous efforts made by the clergy to invite none but the poorest, this circumstance does not seem strange to us.

After two anxious days of incessant rehearsing, the festival really opened on Wednesday, July 25th, with an excellent rendering of "Elijah." Although not so great a strain as some of the works which were to follow, it yet served to give the audience a fair idea of the powers of both orchestra and chorus. The former showed a precision, delicacy of tone, and sense of light and shade which surpassed all expectations. The strings in particular deserve all praise for their work on this and the succeeding days of the festival. The wind instruments were perhaps the weakest element in the band,

an occasional uncertainty and hurrying of the time somewhat marring their performance. The chorus was on the whole good, though, as is generally the case, far better in some works than in others. The undue prominence given to the organ was a decided mistake. Mr. Hughes, who presided at the instrument, is a promising performer, but, like many young players, he yielded to the temptation to make himself heard at the expense of the orchestra and frequently of the voices. The organ itself is a fine instrument; it was built by a local man named Whiteley before the festival of 1879. It possesses seventy-five stops and five composition pedals. Its tone, though mellow and full, loses somewhat by the position of the organ-chamber.

Any criticism of so well known a work as "Elijah" would indeed be superfluous, but we must speak in the highest praise of the way in which the chorus rendered the famous numbers, "He watching over Israel," "Be not afraid," and "Behold God the Lord." Such old favourites are apt to meet with a very critical hearing, but not even the most exacting could have failed to be pleased with the interpretation which they received at Chester.

Miss Anna Williams and Madame Belle Cole were both in good voice. The latter, an American lady, is possessed of a fine contralto voice, the power of which atones in some measure for a want of tenderness and expression in her style of singing. This want was perhaps specially felt in the beautiful aria, "O rest in the Lord." Mr. Santley, though suffering from hoarseness, retains all his dramatic power; Mr. Lloyd's splendid rendering of the solos, "If with all your hearts" and "Then shall the righteous shine," was little short of perfection. The well-known Angel's Trio, "Lift thine eyes," was well sung by Miss Anna Williams, Miss Clara Marshall, a Bradford lady, and Madame Belle Cole. There was no perceptible fall of pitch during this very trying number, and, except for a slight want of sympathy between the voices, it left nothing to be desired.

The performance closed, as it had begun, with the singing of a psalm, in which all present were invited to take part.

The evening's work, Sullivan's "Golden Legend," was given in the Music Hall, a small and inconvenient building situated not far from the cathedral. Sir Arthur Sullivan came down to rehearse and conduct his work in person, and was evidently pleased at the undaunted way in which all the performers approached this new and comparatively untried ground. His geniality and kindness at the rehearsal had won all hearts, and had inspired them with the wish and determination to do their best. Their efforts were rewarded with perhaps the greatest success of the festival.

The Chester committee were fortunate in procuring the services of Madame Nordica, who, though suffering from a most painful indisposition, sang the part of Elsa with the greatest spirit and expression. Mr. Lloyd, as in the original performance at Leeds, took the part of Lucifer, with his usual success. While speaking so highly of the greater artistes, we must not forget to mention the praiseworthy way in which Miss Damian and Mr. Grice sustained the less glorious parts of Ursula and the Forester. Miss Damian's voice is good in tone, and her manner of singing quiet and unaffected, while Mr. Grice possesses a powerful though as yet not very well modulated bass. The orchestra showed none of the slight blemishes of the morning, but bravely attacked their difficult task. Nothing could have been more excellent than the precision with which the violins grouped their passages.

The "Golden Legend" is a work which cannot fail to increase in popularity the more widely known it becomes. Many of the effects in it—particularly the grim humour of the Lucifer music—are unsurpassed. The evening hymn, "O Gladsome Light," which was beautifully sung without accompaniment, will doubtless soon become a favourite with church choirs. The choral epilogue, which closes the cantata, given out first by the tenors and basses in unison, and afterwards taken up by the sopranos and altos, has a grandeur and vigour about it which forms a fitting termination to so powerful a creation.

Wednesday evening's concert was closed with a not too successful rendering of Stanford's "Revenge." The chorus may, perhaps, have been tired out by their hard day's work; they seemed afraid of their leads, and were frequently behindhand with them. As may be imagined, a composition so dependent upon briskness, precision, and spirit lost much by this failing.

The following day, Thursday, opened with a somewhat more miscellaneous programme. It comprised two compositions by Mr. Oliver King, a motett of Spohr's, Beethoven's C minor Symphony (No. 5), and, after the usual midday recess, Verdi's "Requiem." Mr. Oliver King is a promising young composer, whose career has, up to now, been almost uniformly successful. Since completing his studies at Leipzig, he has acted as assistant to Mr. Joseph Barnby. In 1883 he gained the prize offered by the London Philharmonic Society for the best overture, and two years later, that offered by Messrs. Brinsmead & Son, for the best pianoforte concerto.

One of the two advertised novelties, a symphonic cantata, "O Sing unto the Lord," although composed by Mr. King expressly for this festival, was not given, owing to some delay in the completion of the work, which was only sent down six weeks before the date of performance.

Three movements of an orchestral symphony entitled "Night" were therefore substituted for it, and proved on the whole a success. It was composed in Canada in 1879, and first heard in Boston in the following year. Although containing many charming passages, noticeably the opening subject of the first movement (*allegro moderato*) and some parts of the *andante*, the work is marred by erratic writing and painfully strained efforts after originality. It is hard to say what the undoubtedly talent of this young composer may develop into, if it be left to run its natural course, but, until he adopts a less restless style of careering from key to key, he will not be in any sense a pleasing writer. We may compare his work to a rudderless ship in a fierce storm of wind, and sigh with relief when he remains long enough in any key to end in it.

Though Mr. King's music is by no means to be condemned wholesale, we must add that his weaknesses are nowhere so glaringly apparent as in his vocal writing. He seems to consider his voices as merely stringed instruments of a rather more limited compass, and treats them accordingly. Passages which are possible and even effective in violin music become impossible and most undesirable when applied to the human voice, and it is very unlikely that an average choir, starting in five flats, should pass unscathed through three sharps, one flat, and four flats, back to the original key. The Chester chorus evidently found it impracticable, and showed signs of difference of opinion long before they reached home.

Mr. King's conception of the psalm was not altogether happy. In endeavouring to gain the effect of solemn mournfulness in the opening number, "By the waters of Babylon," he only

succeeded in producing a discontented and gloomy chorus, mainly consisting of a string of chromatic scales, each one more lugubrious than the last. Needless to say, these proved very disturbing to the intonation of the chorus. The final words, "When we remembered Thee," were something to be remembered indeed.

In the second number, "Sing us one of the songs of Sion," he subsides into a somewhat more diatonic and rational style; but, in the following solo and chorus, the old defects are more than ever apparent, and the unfortunate soprano solo is taken up, without any reason or for any special effect, to the C sharp in alto.

The last chorus, "Remember the children of Edom," is, in our opinion, the best part of the work. The oft-repeated phrase, "How they said, down with it, down with it," though written in a strain the liveliness of which is scarcely in keeping with the rest of the work, yet shows real dramatic force. This number is marred by a recurrence of the first unfortunate theme, "By the waters of Babylon," which reminds the hearer painfully of the rest of the work. We fear that this composition will not add much glory either to the composer or to the festival at which it was first produced, and we can only hope that any further works which we may welcome from his pen may be written in a rather more reasonable style.

After an effective rendering of Spohr's motett, "How lovely are thy dwellings fair," the orchestra reached their most arduous task in the performance of Beethoven's C minor symphony (No. 5). With the exception of an unfortunate slip by the first violins in the last movement, all went thoroughly well, and those who heard the work for the first time could hardly have made its acquaintance under more favourable circumstances.

Thursday afternoon was devoted to an excellent performance of Verdi's "Requiem." Though recently heard in London, we believe that this work has never before been given at any provincial festival.

It will scarcely be necessary for us to notice more than a few of its most striking points, for it is already familiar to most musicians, and will probably become more so as time goes on.

The opening movement, in which the word "Requiem" is almost whispered by all the parts in turn, has a most touching effect; unfortunately the pianissimo was a little overdone at Chester, where occasionally nothing could be heard at all. This is followed by a stirring and passionate "Kyrie Eleison" in strong contrast to the peace and resignation of the opening bars. But the "Dies Irae" is decidedly the grandest part of the work, and should, we think, rank among the most thrilling and affecting choruses ever written. The agony and despair expressed in the repeated cries of "Dies Irae" could scarcely fail to stir the coldest and most indifferent among its hearers. The removal of the distant trumpets to the triforium hardly repaid the trouble which attended it, for the giddiness felt by the trumpeters in the exalted position to which they had been banished, caused the relations between them and their conductor to be somewhat strained. Though all went well at the time of performance, they were placed too close to the rest of the orchestra to allow of any real contrast of tone, such as the composer seems to have aimed at—indeed, it took some time to discover that the instruments had been moved at all.

Every praise is due to the soloists—Madame Nordica, Miss Damian, Messrs. Lloyd and Brereton—both for their solo work and for the beautiful quartettes, "Rex tremendae" and "Lacrymosa."

Perhaps the most interesting feature of the

miscellaneous concert given on Thursday evening in the Music Hall was the overture, "Morte d'Arthur," from the pen of Dr. J. Frederick Bridge, organist of Westminster Abbey, and brother to Dr. Joseph Bridge, of Chester. This work, originally composed for Mr. Stockley's concerts at Birmingham, and given last year by Mr. Henschel in London, was on this occasion conducted by the composer, and received with great enthusiasm.

Friday morning was taken up with Schubert's beautiful "Unfinished Symphony in B Minor," of which two movements (*allegro moderato* and *andante con moto*), and a fragment of a scherzo, were discovered at Vienna in 1867.

Beethoven's "Engedi," which followed, is well known under the title of "Mount Calvary." Though it has, in our opinion, suffered somewhat in the alteration of its subject from the life of Christ to that of David, it yet remains a noble work.

The afternoon was devoted to a second and equally successful performance of the "Hymn of Praise." The grand effects which Mendelssohn produces in this work by what appear to be the simplest means endear it alike to the musician and to the ordinary hearer. The impassioned fervour with which Mr. Lloyd sang "Watchman, will the night soon pass?" will not easily be forgotten by those whose privilege it was to hear him.

The festival closed on Friday night with a performance, in the cathedral, of Gounod's "Redemption." Though most creditably rendered, it did not attain any great popularity among the Chester people. The lightness and want of dignity which mars much of the music, more especially that of the March to Calvary, are apt to offend some English ears, and are scarcely redeemed by the many beautiful numbers which follow.

We cannot close our notes without speaking in the highest terms of Dr. Joseph Bridge's labours, both in conducting the performances and in training the chorus, an arduous task which has been spread over a period of ten months. The excellence of the result must indeed have rewarded him, for the late festival has not only been the most ambitious, but also the most successful which has ever been given at Chester.

THE scene of the new Gilbert and Sullivan Opera is to be laid in the Tower of London, temp. Henry VIII., and will in some respects be different from their earlier works, as the plot is supposed to be consistent with probabilities, and to contain no absurdities.

MISS WAKEFIELD is contributing to *Murray's Magazine* a series of popular articles upon "The Foundation Stones of English Music," the first of which appeared in the number for July. Miss Wakefield is specially anxious to advocate the more frequent performance of works by old English composers whose achievements are far too seldom recognised at the present day.

WITH a view to enabling the Japanese "to see themselves as others see them,"—a revelation which in this case is likely to be full of surprises,—there is a project on foot in San Francisco of producing "The Mikado" in Japanese.

THREE representations of the "Electra" of Sophocles have been given in original Greek by the students of Cheltenham College. The music to the play was written by Dr. A. E. Dyer, and performed by a full orchestra and the usual Greek chorus of fifteen voices, strengthened at times by an invisible one.

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1. Its organ-like touch, the pedals being pressed down in exactly the same manner as in playing the organ.

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Germany was then divided into a number of microscopic countries, with pigmy sovereigns, all the more haughty and overbearing that they were so small—tried to chaff Mendelssohn, who with his quick repartee turned the tables at once on his adversary. Furious, his dwarfish excellency ran to the king, and complained of the plebeian being admitted into circles above his reach, etc. The king told him "Mendelssohn was my guest, as you were, and you should not have provoked him, or you ought to be prepared to take the consequences."

"Ah!" said the ambassador, "he is a man who would consider nobody, and would offend no Majesty if it so happened that for some imaginary reason he thought himself hurt."

"I should like to see that," said the king; "but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt, and, any way, he would not offend me."

"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the king.

"Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Will your Majesty at the next supper-party write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelssohn is one ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his table?"

"I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his



RUMMENS' PIANO PEDALS.

presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterwards to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish."

"Agreed; only the words on the paper must be signed 'Frederick the Second,' so that he cannot afterwards say he did not know that they were written by the king."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would all end, the king wrote and signed the paper as required.

The evening came; the table was laid for twelve, the fatal paper was on Mendelssohn's plate, and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled, eager for the fray. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat round it. The instant Mendelssohn sat down, being rather short-sighted, and observing the paper, he held it very near his eyes, and having read it gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the king. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelssohn."

"Oh no," said Mendelssohn, "it is nothing."

"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while"—

"But I tell you that it is; I command you to tell me."

"Oh, if your Majesty commands me, I will say that some one has taken the liberty to make a joke of rather bad taste with your Majesty; I'd rather not!"

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here 'Mendelssohn is one ass, Frederick the second.'"

He of course read exactly what was written; he only added the accent—the reader may judge of the effect."

"FROM MOZART TO MARIO."

## The Real Opinions of a well-known Critic.

**A**N amusing speech made by Mr. Joseph Bennett, about musical criticism, at the dinner of the Philharmonic Society, deserves quotation. It is thus reported in the *Musical Standard*:—Mr. Bennett commenced by remarking on the bad characters so often given to critics, and detailed a list of the various ignorances and crimes occasionally attributed to them. "You expect," he went on to say, "a great deal too much from your critics. You expect them, first, to be absolutely impartial; secondly, to tell the whole truth without reserve; and thirdly, to reflect with accuracy your own opinions. If the critic does not fulfil the third condition, you may admit him to be honest, but you will give him no credit for being capable. Now this ideal critic of yours is conceivable as a piece of mechanism, and may possibly be some day constructed by Science if she continues to advance at her present rapid pace. But such a critic is not flesh and blood. Now I, for instance, am not impartial. I say it with shameless effrontery, I am not impartial! I try to be, but I fail. If some one were to put before me an orchestral work of Liszt's, I should instantly want to rend it, to burn it, to scatter it to the winds! On the other hand, it is difficult for me to believe that Beethoven is anything but the ideal of sublimity, that Mendelssohn is ever otherwise than finished and graceful, that Mozart is not always lovely and glorious. Then as to the second point: telling the whole truth. No critic does that. No critic with any feeling would ever

think of such a thing. It has been said that the pen is like a badger: it tears through the flesh, makes its teeth meet, and is not satisfied till it hears the bones crack. There are times when great principles are involved, and then it is necessary to speak out at all hazards; but, as a rule, he who yields so mighty a weapon must persevere in forbearance. A few hastily written words may blast a career, or do enormous mischief even to the art itself. There is a justice due to humanity at large, and every critic bears this in mind. Finally, if you had such a critic—such a perfect piece of mechanism—what could you do with him? Every one would hate him; he would be utterly useless to any editor; in six months he would be dismissed from his post, and would creep away to some corner to hide his head and die in disgrace."

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest" this, all would-be, hasty, rash, intolerant critics.

**A**MONGST the engagements already made by Mr. Calabresi for the next season at Marseilles are those of MM. Sellier Manoury, Olive Roger, and Bougeois, also Mme. Fierens, a soprano who was very remarkable at Lille last year, and Terestri, who took the first prize at the Conservatoire in 1836, and who had two brilliant seasons at Bordeaux. Mr. Calabresi has decided to open the season with "Sigurd."

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## Music in South Africa.

**W**e are always glad to receive accounts like the following. It is a noteworthy peculiarity of our "unmusical nation," that wherever we go we speedily find a choir, an orchestra, or a society, and so draw together by the bonds of music, which brings in its train good fellowship and real enjoyment.

The third season of the Port Elizabeth "Philharmonic Society" commenced in April last, under the conductorship of a gentleman sent out from England, and highly recommended by Dr Stainer.

This gentleman, Mr. Lee-Davis, is also the new organist of St. Mary's Collegiate Church here, in which capacity he has already obtained eminence. As a conductor also, he has proved himself to be of no mean ability, as was shown on the evening of the 19th inst., when the first grand concert of the season was given in the Town Hall. The first part of the concert consisted of Boieldieu's overture, "La Dame Blanche," which was rendered with verve and precision by the gentlemen amateurs composing the orchestra.

The lovely aria which followed, "Waft her Angels," was not so good, being beyond the capabilities of the gentleman to whom it was allotted, a clergyman who acts as precentor to St. Mary's Choir, but is certainly not a "primo tenore." The chorale, "Oh, Gladsome Light," from Sullivan's "Golden Legend," followed; and the conductor's careful training became apparent, in the care with which this beautiful piece of music was rendered, and the attention paid to the light and shade. Next came a song ("The Raft") by Mrs. Lee-Davis. This lady has a sweet and cultivated voice, but not sufficiently strong for a concert-room; and this particular song is clearly better adapted for a male voice. The part-song, "Good-Night, Beloved," by the Society, went very well, and brought the first part of the concert to a close. The second part consisted of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," which formed the *pique de résistance* of the evening. The lady who took the part of the "May Queen" is gifted with a voice of great power, and, with cultivation, would make a really fine singer. Her habit of slurring up to, and down from, her high notes is regrettable. She is, however, a great favourite as a singer with the people here, and it would be rank heresy in their ears to say anything against their "prima donna." She was heard to greatest advantage in the beautiful solo and chorus, "With a laugh as we go round." A young Scotchman took the part of the "Rustic Lover" (tenor), and though his pronunciation stamped him as coming from north of Tweed, his voice was sweet and true, though scarcely powerful enough for a large hall. "Robin Hood" (bass) was represented by a gentleman whose voice was certainly powerful enough for the bold forester, but wanting in expression. The trio between the last-named performers was well rendered, and the audience wanted an encore, which, however, was declined.

The "Queen" (contralto) was taken by a young lady who will eventually do well at our local concerts, but who was very nervous, it being her first appearance in a solo part.

The various choruses were, without exception, excellently rendered, and showed great credit to Mr. Lee-Davis, who had trained them into such order that he really held them "on his baton."

There was a large audience in the concert room of the Town Hall, which is an exceedingly pretty and spacious chamber, and they showed great and appreciative attention throughout, several times demanding an encore, which, however, was only granted them in the case of the solo and chorus, "With a laugh as we go round." The final chorus, "And the Cloud hath passed away," spiritedly given, brought a most enjoyable and successful concert to a close; and the crowd of people dispersed "multivisus" to their various homes, by the light of a splendid tropical full moon.

## Music at the Antipodes.

"THE Golden Legend" was produced in the South Australian capital on the 26th of June, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Stevens, late of Birmingham, whose brilliant abilities and strenuous labours as a conductor have met with such marked success during the two years of his residence in Adelaide. "In this city," says the "Register," "where competent soloists are scarce, and competent instrumentalists still more difficult to find, the attempt to produce such a work was an extremely hazardous one. Possibly the success which Mr. Stevens achieved in his rendering of Gounod's 'Redemption' led him to believe that no work was too difficult for his Society, and he therefore did not fear to take into rehearsal such a complicated writing as Sullivan's great work." The public evidently expected something specially attractive, for the hall was crowded. Besides His Excellency the Governor and suite, there were present all the leading musicians of the city. Good concerts generally attract large audiences in Adelaide, but few secure such an audience as packed the Town Hall on this occasion.

Coming to the performance, it is utterly impossible to fairly criticise a work of such magnitude on a first hearing. Only those who are musically educated can estimate the almost insuperable difficulties with which the conductor must have had to contend. A composition written specially for orchestral effect, introducing instruments which could be procured only in the great cities of the world, requiring also voices as principals which can hardly be expected in Australia, might fairly daunt the energy and ambition of any ordinary conductor. It must be said, however, that Mr. Stevens in a few months has so worked up his chorus and orchestra as to afford us a very fair presentation of one of the grandest works of the modern masters. On Tuesday night the chorus numbered about 200 voices, with an orchestra of nearly thirty. Throughout the concert the training of the chorus by a master hand was abundantly manifested. Mr. Stevens had not only drilled his voices in such a manner as enabled them to sing their notes, but the style in which he worked them up to producing crescendo and diminuendo effects was positively splendid. It is needless to single out any one chorus as being specially well sung where all were so well rendered. The balance of voices was fairly equal, and generally there was a smartness in attacking the leads which is not always observed. With such material as the conductor had to work upon in the orchestra, much less success might have been expected. Sir Arthur Sullivan in his writing has evidently depended upon the assistance of such an orchestra as can be assembled only in Europe. Added to this, the orchestration is of such an intricate and difficult character as to require the ability of first-class players. How Mr. Stevens could have drilled his orchestra up to such a pitch of perfection is indeed a mystery. The wild weird sentiment of Longfellow's poem, as illustrated by the genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan, was admirably presented by the Association; and though the work is one which requires the services of such an orchestra as Adelaide does not possess, yet its really creditable presentation on this occasion must be a source of pleasure to all those who took part in it.

Mr. Ambrose Austin has finally severed his long and honourable connection with St. James's Hall, which has lasted ever since the premier concert hall of London was built. He has now removed to Tulsehill.

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A very rare occurrence has happened at the Paris Conservatoire, which proves that women are as capable as men of obtaining the highest musical culture. The first prize for counterpoint and fugue was carried off by Mlle. Gonther, and the first prize for the organ and composition by Mlle. Boulay. The latter is a young and interesting blind girl, who competed for the first time.

## The Promenade Concerto.

LONDON is supposed to be "empty," but Covent Garden Theatre was filled, from floor to roof, on the evening of Saturday the 11th ult., when the seventh season of these popular entertainments was commenced. Promenaders may listen or not as they choose, but the bulk of the audience are attracted by good music and performers who have honestly earned their popularity. These are the more welcome now that music in London is at its lowest ebb, and the tide will not rise till October.

The house is prettily decorated, with a background of snowy Alpine scenery to encourage coolness by imagination; and thirsty promenaders are waited upon by girls in Swiss costume. More space is given to such by putting the orchestra further back upon the stage.

The arrangements for the present season have been made on a liberal scale. The band of about eighty players, led in the various sections by Messrs. Carrodus, Howell, Dubrucq, Radcliffe, Mann, Howard Reynolds, and other well-known players, although hardly yet in good order, are doubtless competent for the work to be undertaken. The programme on August 11th was of a somewhat varied character, including Mr. Cowen's "Yellow Jasmine," a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Mr. Crowe's new waltz "The Rose Queen"—sung by a choir of boys and girls in costume, a couple of violin solos for Mr. Carrodus, and songs for Mesdames Clara Samuell and Stirling, Messrs. Banks and Foote.

This season it has been found desirable to make the preparations far in advance for the "Classical Wednesdays," and special days have accordingly been set apart for some of the best symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Spohr, and others; the claims of British music being recognised by the acceptance of Professor Villiers Stanford's Irish Symphony. On August 15th a somewhat ambitious scheme was put forward. It included "The Flying Dutchman" and King's "Mansfred" overtures, Schumann's pianoforte concerto, admirably played by Madame Frickenhaus, the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, performed by Mr. Carrodus, who is a great favourite at these concerts, and Schubert's great Symphony in C.

## Nikita's Sixteenth Birthday.

"SWEET sixteen," There is more than a mere alliteration in the traditional union of the words "sweet" and "sixteen." Sixteen is the turning-point in the transition from girlhood to womanhood; at sixteen the girl has entered upon her heritage of womanhood, but the woman still retains the naive simplicity and the kittenish playfulness of her girlhood. In the lives of most girls their sixteenth birthday is a day to be marked in the reddest of red letters. It has been so with Nikita. It was a splendid sight that met the young prima donna's eyes as she tripped forward on the platform at Covent Garden on Saturday the 18th of August. Boxes, grand tier, upper circle, amphitheatre were all crowded; a sea of eager faces filled the smallest nook in the dim and distant recesses of the gallery; and down below, the so-called promenade was blocked with a dense mass of humanity, some six thousand deep. There were shouts of "Many happy returns of the day" from stentorian lungs in the gallery; and with a sweet smile of thanks Nikita plunged into the sprightly measures of a new song, "The Zingara," written by Bucalossi for the occasion. As the cas-

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"I should like to see that," said the king; "but I shall give him no reason for feeling hurt, and, any way, he would not offend me."

"Is it a wager?" asked the ambassador.

"Certainly," replied the king.

"Well, if your Majesty will do what I say, we will soon see whether I am right or wrong."

"And what do you want me to do?"

"Will your Majesty at the next supper-party write on a piece of paper, 'Mendelsohn is one ass,' and put that paper, signed by your own hand, on his table?"

"I will not; that would be a gratuitous rudeness."

"It is only to see what he would do, whether his



RUMMENS' PIANO PEDALS.

presence of mind is so great, and in what way he would reply to your Majesty."

"Well, if it is just for an experiment, and I am at liberty afterwards to tell him that I by no means intended to offend him, I do not mind complying with your wish."

"Agreed; only the words on the paper must be signed 'Frederick the Second,' so that he cannot afterwards say he did not know that they were written by the king."

Reluctantly, but with a feeling of curiosity as to how it would all end, the king wrote and signed the paper as required.

The evening came; the table was laid for twelve, the fatal paper was on Mendelsohn's plate, and the guests, several of whom had been informed of what was going on, assembled, eager for the fray. At the given moment all went to the ominous table and sat round it. The instant Mendelsohn sat down, being rather short-sighted, and observing the paper, he held it very near his eyes, and having read it gave a start.

"What is the matter?" said the king. "No unpleasant news, I hope, Mendelsohn."

"Oh no," said Mendelsohn, "it is nothing."

"Nothing? Nothing would not have made you start. I demand to know what it is."

"Oh, it is not worth while."

"But I tell you that it is; I command you to tell me."

"Oh, if your Majesty commands me, I will say that some one has taken the liberty to make a joke of rather bad taste with your Majesty; I'd rather not."

"With me? Pray do not keep me waiting any longer. What is it?"

"Why, somebody wrote here 'Mendelsohn is one ass, Frederick the second.'"

He of course read exactly what was written; he only added the accent—the reader may judge of the effect."

"FROM MOZART TO MARIO."

## The Real Opinions of a well-known Critic.

—:o:—

A N amusing speech made by Mr. Joseph Bennett, about musical criticism, at the dinner of the Philharmonic Society, deserves quotation. It is thus reported in the *Musical Standard*:—Mr. Bennett commenced by remarking on the bad characters so often given to critics, and detailed a list of the various ignorances and crimes occasionally attributed to them. "You expect," he went on to say, "a great deal too much from your critics. You expect them, first, to be absolutely impartial; secondly, to tell the whole truth without reserve; and thirdly, to reflect with accuracy your own opinions. If the critic does not fulfil the third condition, you may admit him to be honest, but you will give him no credit for being capable. Now this ideal critic of yours is conceivable as a piece of mechanism, and may possibly be some day constructed by Science if she continues to advance at her present rapid pace. But such a critic is not flesh and blood. Now I, for instance, am not impartial. I say it with shameless effrontery, I am not impartial! I try to be, but I fail. If some one were to put before me an orchestral work of Liszt's, I should instantly want to rend it, to burn it, to scatter it to the winds! On the other hand, it is difficult for me to believe that Beethoven is anything but the ideal of sublimity, that Mendelsohn is ever otherwise than finished and graceful, that Mozart is not always lovely and glorious. Then as to the second point: telling the whole truth. No critic does that.

No critic with any feeling would ever think of such a thing. It has been said that the pen is like a badger: it tears through the flesh, makes its teeth meet, and is not satisfied till it hears the bones crack. There are times when great principles are involved, and then it is necessary to speak out at all hazards; but, as a rule, he who wields so mighty a weapon must persevere in forbearing. A few hastily written words may blast a career, or do enormous mischief even to the art itself. There is a justice due to humanity at large, and every critic bears this in mind. Finally, if you had such a critic—such a perfect piece of mechanism—what could you do with him? Every one would hate him; he would be utterly useless to any editor; in six months he would be dismissed from his post, and would creep away to some corner to hide his head and die in disgrace."

"Read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest this, all would-be, hasty, rash, intolerant critics."

AMONGST the engagements already made by M. Calabresi for the next season at Marseilles are those of MM. Sellier Manoury, Olive Roger, and Bougeois, also Mme. Fierens, a soprano who was very remarkable at Lille last year, and Terestri, who took the first prize at the Conservatoire in 1836, and who had two brilliant seasons at Bordeaux. Mr. Calabresi has decided to open the season with "Sigurd."

## Music in South Africa.

We are always glad to receive accounts like the following. It is a noteworthy peculiarity of our "unmusical nation," that wherever we go we speedily find a choir, an orchestra, or a society, and so draw together by the bonds of music, which brings in its train good fellowship and real enjoyment.

The third season of the Port Elizabeth "Philharmonic Society" commenced in April last, under the conductorship of a gentleman sent out from England, and highly recommended by Dr Stainer.

This gentleman, Mr. Lee-Davis, is also the new organist of St. Mary's Collegiate Church here, in which capacity he has already obtained eminence. As a conductor also, he has proved himself to be of no mean ability, as was shown on the evening of the 19th inst., when the first grand concert of the season was given in the Town Hall. The first part of the concert consisted of Boieldieu's overture, "La Dame Blanche," which was rendered with verve and precision by the gentlemen amateurs composing the orchestra.

The lovely aria which followed, "Waft her Angels," was not so good, being beyond the capabilities of the gentleman to whom it was allotted, a clergyman who acts as precentor to St. Mary's Choir, but is certainly not a "primo tenore." The chorale, "Oh, Gladsome Light," from Sullivan's "Golden Legend," followed; and the conductor's careful training became apparent, in the care with which this beautiful piece of music was rendered, and the attention paid to the light and shade. Next came a song ("The Raft") by Mrs. Lee-Davis. This lady has a sweet and cultivated voice, but not sufficiently strong for a concert-room; and this particular song is clearly better adapted for a male voice. The part-song, "Good-Night, Beloved," by the Society, went very well, and brought the first part of the concert to a close. The second part consisted of Sterndale Bennett's "May Queen," which formed the *pièce de résistance* of the evening. The lady who took the part of the "May Queen" is gifted with a voice of great power, and, with cultivation, would make a really fine singer. Her habit of slurring up to, and down from, her high notes is regrettable. She is, however, a great favourite as a singer with the people here, and it would be rank heresy in their ears to say anything against their "prima donna." She was heard to greatest advantage in the beautiful solo and chorus, "With a laugh as we go round." A young Scotchman took the part of the "Rustic Lover" (tenor), and though his pronunciation stamped him as coming from north of Tweed, his voice was sweet and true, though scarcely powerful enough for a large hall. "Robin Hood" (bass) was represented by a gentleman whose voice was certainly powerful enough for the bold forester, but wanting in expression. The trio between the last-named performers was well rendered, and the audience wanted an encore, which, however, was declined.

The "Queen" (contralto) was taken by a young lady who will eventually do well at our local concerts, but who was very nervous, it being her first appearance in a solo part.

The various choruses were, without exception, excellently rendered, and showed great credit to Mr. Lee-Davis, who had trained them into such order that he really held them "on his baton."

There was a large audience in the concert room of the Town Hall, which is an exceedingly pretty and spacious chamber, and they showed great and appreciative attention throughout, several times demanding an encore, which, however, was only granted them in the case of the solo and chorus, "With a laugh as we go round." The final chorus, "And the Cloud hath passed away," spiritedly given, brought a most enjoyable and successful concert to a close; and the crowd of people dispersed "multivious" to their various homes, by the light of a splendid tropical full moon.

## Music at the Antipodes.

"THE Golden Legend" was produced in the South Australian capital on the 26th of June, under the direction of Mr. C. J. Stevens, late of Birmingham, whose brilliant abilities and strenuous labours as a conductor have met with such marked success during the two years of his residence in Adelaide. "In this city," says the "Register," "where competent soloists are scarce, and competent instrumentalists still more difficult to find, the attempt to produce such a work was an extremely hazardous one. Possibly the success which Mr. Stevens achieved in his rendering of Gounod's 'Redemption' led him to believe that no work was too difficult for his Society, and he therefore did not fear to take into rehearsal such a complicated writing as Sullivan's great work." The public evidently expected something specially attractive, for the hall was crowded. Besides His Excellency the Governor and suite, there were present all the leading musicians of the city. Good concerts generally attract large audiences in Adelaide, but few secure such an audience as packed the Town Hall on this occasion.

Coming to the performance, it is utterly impossible to fairly criticise a work of such magnitude on a first hearing. Only those who are musically educated can estimate the almost insuperable difficulties with which the conductor must have had to contend. A composition written specially for orchestral effect, introducing instruments which could be procured only in the great cities of the world, requiring also voices as principals which can hardly be expected in Australia, might fairly daunt the energy and ambition of any ordinary conductor. It must be said, however, that Mr. Stevens in few months has so worked up his chorus and orchestra as to afford us a very fair presentation of one of the grandest works of the modern masters. On Tuesday night the chorus numbered about 200 voices, with an orchestra of nearly thirty. Throughout the concert the training of the chorus by a master hand was abundantly manifested. Mr. Stevens had not only drilled his voices in such a manner as enabled them to sing their notes, but the style in which he worked them up to producing crescendo and diminuendo effects was positively splendid. It is needless to single out any one chorus as being specially well sung where all were so well rendered. The balance of voices was fairly equal, and generally there was a smartness in attacking the leads which is not always observed. With such material as the conductor had to work upon in the orchestra, much less success might have been expected. Sir Arthur Sullivan in his writing has evidently depended upon the assistance of such an orchestra as can be assembled only in Europe. Added to this, the orchestration is of such an intricate and difficult character as to require the ability of first-class players. How Mr. Stevens could have drilled his orchestra up to such a pitch of perfection is indeed a mystery. The wild weird sentiment of Longfellow's poem, as illustrated by the genius of Sir Arthur Sullivan, was admirably presented by the Association; and though the work is one which requires the services of such an orchestra as Adelaide does not possess, yet its really creditable presentation on this occasion must be a source of pleasure to all those who took part in it.

Mr. Ambrose Austin has finally severed his long and honourable connection with St. James's Hall, which has lasted ever since the premier concert hall of London was built. He has now removed to Tulsehill.  
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A very rare occurrence has happened at the Paris Conservatoire, which proves that women are as capable as men of obtaining the highest musical culture. The first prize for counterpoint and fugue was carried off by Mlle. Gonthier, and the first prize for the organ and composition by Mlle. Boulay. The latter is a young and interesting blind girl, who competed for the first time.

## The Promenade Concerts.

LONDON is supposed to be "empty," but Covent Garden Theatre was filled, from floor to roof, on the evening of Saturday the 11th ult., when the seventh season of these popular entertainments was commenced. Promenaders may listen or not as they choose, but the bulk of the audience are attracted by good music and performers who have honestly earned their popularity. These are the more welcome now that music in London is at its lowest ebb, and the tide will not rise till October.

The house is prettily decorated, with a background of snowy Alpine scenery to encourage coolness by imagination; and thirsty promenaders are waited upon by girls in Swiss costume. More space is given to such by putting the orchestra further back upon the stage.

The arrangements for the present season have been made on a liberal scale. The band of about eighty players, led in the various sections by Messrs. Carrodus, Howell, Dubrucq, Radcliffe, Mann, Howard Reynolds, and other well-known players, although hardly yet in good order, are doubtless competent for the work to be undertaken. The programme on August 11th was of a somewhat varied character, including Mr. Cowen's "Yellow Jasmine," a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Mr. Crowe's new waltz "The Rose Queen"—sung by a choir of boys and girls in costume, a couple of violin solos for Mr. Carrodus, and songs for Mesdames Clara Samuell and Stirling, Messrs. Banks and Foote.

This season it has been found desirable to make the preparations far in advance for the "Classical Wednesdays," and special days have accordingly been set apart for some of the best symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Spohr, and others; the claims of British music being recognised by the acceptance of Professor Villiers Stanford's Irish Symphony. On August 15th a somewhat ambitious scheme was put forward. It included "The Flying Dutchman" and King's "Manfred" overtures, Schumann's pianoforte concerto, admirably played by Madame Frickenhaus, the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, performed by Mr. Carrodus, who is a great favourite at these concerts, and Schubert's great Symphony in C.

## Nikita's Sixteenth Birthday.

"SWEET sixteen." There is more than a mere alliteration in the traditional union of the words "sweet" and "sixteen." Sixteen is the turning-point in the transition from girlhood to womanhood; at sixteen the girl has entered upon her heritage of womanhood, but the woman still retains the naive simplicity and the kittenish playfulness of her girlhood. In the lives of most girls their sixteenth birthday is a day to be marked in the reddest of red letters. It has been so with Nikita. It was a splendid sight that met the young prima donna's eyes as she tripped forward on the platform at Covent Garden on Saturday the 18th of August. Boxes, grand tier, upper circle, amphitheatre were all crowded; a sea of eager faces filled the smallest nook in the dim and distant recesses of the gallery; and down below, the so-called promenade was blocked with a dense mass of humanity, some six thousand deep. There were shouts of "Many happy returns of the day" from stentorian lungs in the gallery; and with a sweet smile of thanks Nikita plunged into the sprightly measures of a new song, "The Zingara," written by Bucalossi for the occasion. As the cas-

tagnets rattled at the words "tra la la la la la, I'm a merry Zingara," it seemed that a second Esmeralda was before us, in all Esmeralda's fire and all Esmeralda's freedom. Nikita is indeed born for the stage, and many who were present re-echoed our hope that her next appearance at Covent Garden will be on the operatic boards. When the Zingara had said her say, tumultuous shouts of "encore" and "bravo" (irrespective of gender) burst from a thousand throats, and the storm of applause only subsided when she came forward again to sing "Come back to Erin." The same excitement was manifested over "Mia Picciarella" (the song which was the means of Nikita's introduction to Madame Strakosch), and the ever-fresh and ever-welcome "Echo Song." We learn from Mr. Freeman Thomas that *the audience was the largest ever assembled on any night in any season at these concerts*, and we can vouch for the fact that their enthusiasm was as phenomenal as their numbers.

The ladies at the concert were much interested in a large pendant of flashing diamonds which hung from Nikita's neck. This was a birthday gift from a circle of intimate and valued friends, whom she entertained at a charming little dinner on the following day. Among the guests, "fit though few," were Mr. and Mrs. Demorest of New York; Mrs. Shaw, the famous lady-whistler (*La belle Siffleur*); the Count de Nevers, and M. Guy de Nevers; and the *Magazine of Music* was duly represented. The representative of the *Magazine of Music* is always sure of a warm welcome from the young prima donna, who remembers that it was in these pages that her romantic story was first communicated to the world.

## Notes and News.

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE at present is in France busily engaged in composing the cantata for the Jubilee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts. Mr. J. Bennett is the librettist.

MR. AUGUST MANNS and Mr. W. H. Cummings, whose interest in the Normal College for the Blind is well known, conducted a concert in the Concert Room of the Crystal Palace on July 25. The programme commenced with Sullivan's overture, "In Memoriam," which was followed by a concerto in D minor by Bach, in which nine pupils took part; after this came a cantata for solo voices, female choir, and orchestra, "At the Cloister Gate," by Grieg. There were several other pieces, solos, part-songs, and choruses—the finale being the "Rakoczy March" by Berlioz.

MR. ALFRED HOLLINS was presented, by a lady from the audience, with a handsome bouquet, after he had performed Liszt's No. 1 concerto in E flat for pianoforte and orchestra with striking ability. Lady Playfair distributed prizes and certificates of proficiency. The list of prize-winners was a long one, and the subjects in which they had been successful very comprehensive, including all that is comprised in a good English education, French and Physics being in the curriculum. Both boys and girls had won distinction in physical training, seven of the former and ten of the latter having gained prizes for gymnastics, skating, cycling, etc. A special prize "for manly character, uniform good conduct and courtesy, and steady progress," was awarded to Alfred Booth. There were several prizes for singing and pianoforte.

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THE London Symphony Concerts will be carried on next season at the sole risk of their accomplished conductor, Mr. Henschel. The prices of admission will be altered, and in some parts of the house reduced. Only two *matinées* are promised, on December 19 and February 27. The series will commence on

November 20, and will be continued weekly on Tuesday evenings till February 19, with a break at Christmas between December 11 and January 15. It is to be hoped that all real music lovers will give Mr. Henschel their warmest support.

The prizes gained by pupils of the Academy were distributed on July 25th in St. James's Hall, the Right Hon. Lord Coleridge having kindly consented to deliver the awards. The proceedings commenced with a performance of Schubert's chorus, "The Lord is my Shepherd." After introducing the business of the meeting, the Principal, Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, addressed a few words of counsel to the students. He reminded those to whom no prize had been granted that the line which divides the successful from the non-successful was often so thin as to perplex examiners compelled to arrive at an immediate decision, and he exhorted winners and losers to aim at something higher than medals or money—to follow in the footsteps of great masters, who did not ask, "What must I do to get wealth?" but "What must I do to become worthy of the art?" The Right Hon. Lord Coleridge then delivered the awards. Memorial prizes: The Charles Lucas Silver Medal, awarded to Dora Bright; the Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal, to Kate Norman; the Neathcote Long prize, to Edgar Hulland; the Evill prize, to William E. Hellawell; the Santley prize, to Arthur E. Godfrey; the Hine gift, to Avice Boxall; the Sainton-Dolby prize, to Julia Neilson; and the Joseph Maas prize, to Maldwyn Humphreys.

CERTIFICATES of merit were granted to twenty-six pupils who had previously received silver medals. Fifty-one pupils who had previously received bronze medals were awarded silver medals; and 118 received on this occasion bronze medals. Three pupils received book prizes, and eleven were highly commended. His lordship, after the awards were all distributed, delivered an address. He was reminded, his lordship remarked, that on the very spot he was now occupying he stood sixteen years ago whilst a testimonial was being presented to Sir William Sterndale Bennett, an English musician, whose works had crossed the seas and become known to our Continental neighbours, and whose fame, in the estimation of the world, stood next to that of Purcell. It is a comfort, he continued, to know that in the Academy, of which Sir Sterndale once was principal, there are at the present moment so many pupils of ability. Amidst their contests now and in after life it is necessary, the speaker said, to be ever watchful lest friendly relations be broken and lost. There were instances in the history of every branch of the arts of abiding friendships, of great masters living together in good fellowship. Haydn and Mozart thus retained loving regard for each other, though the first-named was sorely tried by having such a rival as Mozart. The students were invited to follow the examples set in this way by those great masters. A vote of thanks to Lord Coleridge, for presiding, was proposed by Mr. Threlfall, and carried by the company with acclamation.

The deaths of Neupert the pianist, and of Mickler the conductor, have already been announced, but a few particulars about them are desirable. Edmund Carl Friedrich Neupert was a Norwegian pianist, who died in New York, June 22. He was born in Norway April 1, 1842, but was of German descent. His father started a music shop at Xenia, and was the director of a conservatory, and *The American Musician* says it was from him that young Neupert received his first music lessons. At seven years of age he played before the public, and at fifteen his father sent him to Berlin to study music under Kullak and Kiel. When he was twenty-two years old he made his *début* at the Berlin Sing-Academy. Neupert left Berlin in 1868 and went to Copenhagen, where he was engaged in the Conservatory, and afterwards to Moscow, where he became a professor at the Imperial Conservatory, and remained there until the death of his friend Nicholas Rubinstein. He then went to America, under Mr. Ruben, and travelled

over the United States with Max Strakosch. Owing to nervousness, he abandoned the concert stage and took to teaching, and brought out August Hyllesled, a prodigy.

THE thirty-third series of Saturday concerts will commence at the Crystal Palace on October 13th, under the direction of Mr. August Manns. The first series of ten concerts will end on December 15th, and the second series of ten will begin February 9th, and end April 13th, 1889,—Mr. Manns' benefit being fixed for April 20th. The programmes are not yet settled, but they will include several choral concerts and a due proportion of novelties, among them in all probability being Mr. Hamish M'Cunn's ballad overture, "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," and (after Christmas) the same composer's cantata, "The Lay of the Last Minstrel," which is now being written for the Glasgow Choral Union.

The members of the Albany Dramatic Club gave their seventh "musical evening" of the present series at the Surrey Masonic Hall on Wednesday, August 1st. Songs were given by Misses Duncan, Jeffreys, Violet, and Messrs. Sargent, Schneider, Gilbert, and Eldridge; and recitations were contributed by Miss Gladys Lee and Mr. W. Cattell. During the evening it was announced that Mr. William A. Jewson had been elected the musical director to the club, which commences its fifth dramatic season in October next.

## Accidentals.

AN American singing teacher does not find the old title good enough. So he has boldly come forward as a "voice builder," and it is said he has gained numbers of pupils.

"WHAT is the national air of this country?" asked a foreigner of Mr. Fangle. "At present the national air is mighty cold," replied Fangle, as he buttoned his overcoat closer.

IN the splendid studio of Mr. Alma Tadema, among other beautiful and suggestive things is a piano in oak, mother-of-pearl, and ivory, inside whose flap is a sheet of parchment, bearing the name of every musician of note who has played upon it.

THERE is a good story going the rounds about the late J. C. Engel, director of Kroll's opera-house, Berlin. He asked two of his stars, Nachbaur and Reichmann, into his sanctum, and invited them to mention their conditions for a new engagement. "Well," said Nachbaur, "you know my terms. Half the gross receipts." "I also," said Reichmann. "I cannot take less than half the gross." "Gentlemen," gravely replied J. C. Engel, "supposing I accept, will you occasionally let me have a free ticket? I should like to be able to enter my own theatre."

ENGLAND is not the only country where the prevalence of wet has depressed people. The season at Mont Dore les Bains in Auvergne has been rather bad, and the peasants of the neighbourhood have had their hay utterly ruined by the continual rain. Mont Dore is a little Spa in the midst of a mountainous and volcanic district, and is much frequented in the summer season by "artistes" of different kinds, besides sufferers from throat and

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lung affections. Some of these visitors came to the relief of the poor Auvergnats, and last week a very successful concert was given by the ever-generous Madame Marie Roze, assisted by Madame Christine Nilsson and others, the proceeds of which, amounting to nearly 3000 francs, were devoted to the peasants. Madame Marie Roze is a frequent visitor here, and is a somewhat remarkable figure in the ladies' bath and vapour rooms of the *Habillement*, as, in addition to the usual bathing costume, she generally wears Hessian boots, and has been seen with her diamond ear-rings wrapped in brown paper in order that the sulphurous vapour may not injure them.

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SEE the effect of a long piece of music at a public concert. The orchestra are breathless with attention, jumping into major and minor keys, executing fugues, and fiddling with the most ecstatic precision. In the midst of this wonderful science the audience are gaping, lolling, talking, staring about, and half devoured with *ennui*. On a sudden there springs up a lively little air, expressive of some natural feeling, though in point of science not worth a halfpenny. The audience all spring up, every head nods, every foot beats time, and every heart also; a universal smile breaks out in every face; the carriage is not ordered; and every one agrees that music is the most delightful, rational entertainment that the human mind can possibly enjoy. In the same manner, the astonishing execution of some great singers has in it very little of the beautiful; it is mere difficulty overcome, like rope-dancing and tumbling; and such difficulties overcome, as I have before said, do not excite the feelings of the beautiful, but the wonderful.—*Sydney Smith*.

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We have just heard that Colonel J. H. Mapleson, having passed successfully through the Bankruptcy Court, now feels easy in his mind, and will finish his Memoirs during the present summer, and they will then be published by Messrs. Remington. The Colonel is one of the most brilliant of conversationalists, and knows more about the true inwardness of operatic management than any man living. He has himself served in the orchestra and chorus, and at one time it was his ambition to make his *début* as a lyric tenor.

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STRAUSS came very near being sent out to Siberia for the following reply of his to an exalted dignitary of the Russian Court. On arriving at the Imperial summer resort, to which he had been summoned, he had first of all been commanded to rehearse the morceaux of his programme thrice in the ears of a pair of Imperial horses that they might not run away when he played before the Czarina. This and the performance before the Empress had tired him. But at the end an exalted dignitary of the court bade Strauss follow him, and, setting him before a grand piano, said—"Now, be good enough to play me all the newest Vienna dance-music." Strauss complied, but at the end of an hour ceased, observing, "I presume that will be sufficient." "I am not at all tired," rejoined his excellency. "But I am," replied Strauss, and rose from the instrument.

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In the month of March last, after the death of M. Bord, manufacturer of pianos in the Boulevard Poissonnière, it was announced that, according to a will dated in 1882, and found at his lawyer's, he left to every one of the workmen occupied in his house for five years a sum of 1000 francs; to those who had been there six years, 1300 francs, and so on, so that every year it increased 300 francs. Certain workmen who had been employed in the house for many years had a considerable legacy, and in some cases could draw 500,000 francs. M. Bord had since 1886 divided with his workmen the profits of the house, and a sum of 1,600,000 francs had been distributed thus.

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BUT when the cellars were taken up, the heirs, MM. Gesta and Bord, his nephews, discovered a new will dated in 1884, in good preservation—the first

was composed of a series of notes, signed, it is true, but they were not definite, and which consequently annulled the preceding one. This second will does not make any mention of the legacies to the workmen. The reason of this change in M. Bord it is not difficult to find. In 1883 the workmen of the house had a strike, and obliged M. Bord to increase by 10 per cent. the prices of the patterns. It is probably to this strike, which deeply affected M. Bord, that we must attribute the change in his resolutions. This news having been carried to the workmen who had a right to the money, to the number of 150, they decided to instruct a lawyer to compel the heirs of M. Bord to pay the legacies according to the first will. However, the decision of the tribunal was in favour of the second will.

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A CHORUS silenced by rain in Australia! "In the earliest, gloomiest hours of morning our ears were lulled by the sound of waters falling. Later there was a space between the waters above and the waters beneath; but soon they closed again, and for hours the earth has been absorbing it silently, till she looks as lax as a full sponge. All the music is mute to which we had been listening; the harmonies blended well, if not according to the canons of art. There was the bass grumph of the partially contented pig (a one-note part, like the one Mendelssohn wrote for his brother-in-law in 'Son and Stranger'); the strenuous baritone of the big bull, not always even partially content; the wild tenor of the laughing jackass; the mellow contralto of the magpies; and high over all, the shrill treble of the frogs in the creek, who will no more leave off than some singers and speakers when once their mouths are open. The wood-chopper's axe made a staccato accompaniment; and there was an occasional violin obligato of the wind in the gum-trees. Now, all that is drowned."

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DURING Ole Bull's visit to London in 1840, there was on one occasion danger of his being arrested on account of a claim for sixty pounds, made upon him by his former secretary, Morandi. This demand Ole Bull considered unjust, and he accordingly refused to pay a penny. But the situation was exceedingly awkward. At three o'clock he was to play at St. James's before the Queen. At two, Ole Bull was with his ambassador, Count Bjornstjerna, to whom he had gone to see if the matter might be settled. At the corner of the street two policemen were waiting with a warrant for his arrest. A cab was summoned, and one of the count's footmen, wrapped in Ole Bull's cloak, entered the vehicle and moved rapidly off, followed by the policemen, while five minutes later, the artist himself was driven quietly to the palace in the count's carriage.

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WHILST in London in 1840 he formed a warm friendship with Liszt, and the combination of the two names had sometimes made the services of an impresario unnecessary. On one occasion a manager who had been employed, sought, by invidious wording of the advertisement, to breed ill-will between them. The plot nearly succeeded, but on discovering it, Liszt invited the whole company to breakfast with him. After the meal, Liszt held a trial over the manager, who, however, denied all responsibility. Whereupon Liszt, who was judge, pronounced sentence solemnly: "Ole Bull, I charge you to take this man, and hold him at arm's length out of the window" (they were in the third storey) "until he do confess." And so the sturdy Norwegian did, until his arms were tired, and the victim, sufficiently punished, was released by his judge's order.

## Foreign Notes.

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IT is said that the building of the Royal Theatre at Berlin will not be completed before next January. Until then, therefore, after the conclusion of the holidays, the performances will be held in the Opera House. It is not unlikely that a private theatre will be hired for this period.

HERR HANS VON BÜLOW, after the successful conclusion of the Beethoven series in London, returned to Hamburg.

AT the Academy of Singing at Jena, Liszt's "Legend of St. Elizabeth" was performed. Frau Professor Detmer, Fraulein Schärnach, and Herr von Milde, assisted as soloists.

VERDI's "Otello" will be played at the German court next winter, with Herr Niemann as the leading character, and Frau Sucher as Desdemona.

CAMILLE SAINT-SAËNS has performed his new opera, "Benvenuto Cellini," before the director of the Parisian Grand Opera and a circle of friendly artistes and critics, and it has made a good impression.

THE Hofkapellmeister Abert at Stuttgart has obtained a pension. He was formerly a contra-bass in the court orchestra.

AT Bayreuth on the afternoon of July 25th, the band of the Prussian body-guard hussar regiment met at Wagner's grave, to give by special command of the Emperor William a musical recital as a tribute of respect. Frau Wagner, who was escorted by Herr Von Chilius, the emperor's well-known aide-de-camp, the members and friends of the Wagner family, and many hundreds of guests, were present. The band was in full dress.

The central management of the Universal Richard Wagner Club has removed from Munich to Berlin, according to the resolution of the General Meeting of the 24th of July. The following were chosen as directors:—Count Waldersee, Herr Von Seckendorff, the Hereditary Prince of Hohenlohe-Langenburg, Hans von Wolzogen, Hofkapellmeister Sucher, Erdmann, Von Vignan, and Von Puttkamer. The general meeting sent a telegram of greeting to the emperor.

THE Royal School of Music at Munich has closed its year with a series of trial concerts, and the artistic result of the examination gives strong testimony to the abilities of the school.

THE Minister of Fine Arts at Paris has received the following letter:—The undersigned members of the Composition department of the Institute of France, wishing to render a testimony of international and artistic sympathy to Russia, in the person of Glinka, the famous founder of Russian Opera, would be happy to see his popular chef-d'œuvre, "Life for the Czar," rendered on a French stage.—Ch. Gounod, Ambroise Thomas, C. Saint-Saëns, J. Massenet, E. Reyer, Leo Delibes.

A VERY successful portrait bust of Hans Von Bülow has just been finished by a young sculptor, Berivald, in Schwerin.

WE hear from Brussels that negotiations are on foot to manage operatic performances by telephone between Paris and Brussels. The Academy of Sciences at Brussels intends to fit up a special pavilion in its behalf. During the Paris Electrical Exhibition frequent operatic performances took place by telephone connecting the Grand Opera with the Palais de l'Industrie.

VERDI's "Otello" will be performed at Frankfort-on-the-Main during the course of the coming season.

GOTHE'S "Braut von Corinth" has been set to music in France. Catulle Mendès and Ephraim Mikael have written the three-act libretto. The music is composed by Emanuel Chabrier.

THE Baltimore Sängersfest proved a great success. It is said that more than eighty singing societies took part in the festival.

THE seventh festival of the German Evangelistic Church Music Society will take place on the 2nd and 3rd of October next at Breslau. Superintendent Sarau-Bromberg will speak on "The teaching of Church-music in schools."

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THE authorities at Turin have asked Director Angelo Neumann at Prague, whether he and the German singers would be willing to perform Wagner's "Tannhäuser" at the Teatro Reggio in the Italian language, in the latter half of September, on the occasion of the rejoicings over the marriage of Prince Amadeus, brother of King Humbert, and former king of Spain, with his niece.

\*\*\*

THERE have been recently executed at the Royal Philharmonic Academy at Rome some important parts of the "Nero" of Rubinstein, with Cotogni and Mdlle. Millootti for the principal exponents. They gave the first act and the two superb duets of the third. The success was great, and the critics spoke in high terms of the clearness and rich melody of the voices.

\*\*\*

MR. J. C. ENGEL, the proprietor and director of the Kroll Theatre at Berlin, died suddenly at the end of July, at the age of 67. He was born at Buda Pesth, March 4th, 1821. In 1851 he married the daughter of Kroll, the founder of the establishment called by his name, and of which he became the proprietor. It was there that he instituted the famous lyrical representations whose success increases year by year, and where such celebrities as Adelina Patti, Etelka Gerster, and Marcella Sembrich are not ashamed of being heard. Mr. J. C. Engel had the reputation of being a conscientious director, and a perfect gentleman.

\*\*\*

MME. NEVADA has returned to Paris, after having been to London, where she took part in a grand concert at the Grosvenor Gallery. This charming artiste has met with great success in Paris.

\*\*\*

WE learn from the journal *La Dépêche* of Lille, that Mme. Marie Roze sang at the Palais-Rameau for the first time in France since 1870. This delightful songstress has returned to us young and brilliant as ever. Her magnificent voice was heard in four pieces—"Sweet dream of my life," from the opera "Pierre de Medicis;" in one of Arditi's waltzes; and lastly, in the ballad of "Djinns," Auber's first work; this piece, sung with an exquisite charm, was warmly applauded by the audience.

\*\*\*

OUR Italian friends are somewhat hasty. In announcing that the Opéra-Comique at Paris will next winter give a work by M. Benjamin Goddard, entitled "Dante and Beatrice," the *Monde Artistico* says, "Dante the subject of an opéra-comique! Oh, the divine comedy!" Let the Italians be reassured. It is not probable that the new work of M. Benjamin Goddard will be treated as a comic opera.

## New Musical Studies.

BOOK II.

### ON TOUCH.

By BERNHARD ALTHAUS.

#### CHAPTER VII.

##### THE TOUCH OF ORDER.

If you were possessed of the greatest musical intelligence, of real talent, and had a perfect technique without a certain honesty of purpose, straightforwardness, integrity, order, and self-denial, they would be no good to you. Without the latter every artist must always be incomplete, defective, unsatisfactory.

All things must be done in order and with some sort of regularity. All things perish; the system alone is eternal. Music is certainly no exception to this rule. It may be called

irregular, changeable, but it is governed by rules. It is the rule of exceptions. That it is an orderly thing, well regulated, that certain limits are imposed, certain lines drawn, is already shown by the division into bars, by means of lines. That a generally regular and correct time plays a most important part (much as it may be subject to a variety of charming modifications) to manifold modes or moods, is everywhere shown by well-known signs.

Certain lines are drawn to keep order, to divide the piece of music into regular or irregular sections, or phrases, to warn the player to be ready with a distinguishing touch, so as to show off the important parts, and to throw light on dark ways.

As I said in a previous article, music is a language, and its words must be clearly pronounced to be understood. Its words, its syllables are expressed by notes. The first syllables are mostly the stronger, and must be set off by clear pronunciation and accent.

Touch is the means of pronunciation in music. Such regular accents need, however, not be *loud*, but only audible enough so as to distinguish the stronger from the weak, the accented from the unaccented, just as it is not necessary, in speaking, to bawl out the accented syllables of words and to mumble the unaccented. No; everything must be clearly given.

This touch of order and regularity is called by many the metrical touch; one might also, with justice, style it

#### The Touch of the Bar.

Every bar has its strong and weak position. You may safely lean upon, i.e. press or strike the first note, be it short or long. Its position is strong. It bears a firm pressure, without blinking or injury to the whole, while the second part is, by position, of a weak, shaky nature, and would get upset altogether, and also, besides, upset the whole, the time, the tact.

In the so-called common time, when moderate or slow, there would be two strong parts of the bar, viz. the first beat and the third; the second and fourth are the weak ones. In triple time (the rule of three) the first of three notes, or three beats, is the strongest, while the second and third are always weak and require therefore a lighter touch. The quicker the time, the fewer the accents! But this touch of order, on the other hand, may be almost anything, and of every conceivable variety. It may be very sweet, very gentle, expressive, moderately full, very full, even loud, very loud, according to circumstances, and must be given with a careful watch over the fingers. You cannot get a loud note without lifting the finger high before striking, nor can you produce a delicate and sweet one without two careful manipulations, that is, placing the finger in closest proximity to the note and pressing it gently, yet firmly.

This touch of order need therefore not be loud or strong, but it must be there.

It is no trifling to be just here!

The touch must give way and be subject to the composer's expressly stated intentions, marks of expression, changes of time, be it quickly, moderate, or slow. But what, if he withdraws these intentions?

I here warn the student to avoid pedantic ways. Nothing, next to muddling, is more hateful and disgusting in musical performances than pedantry. It makes flat, dull prose out of fresh, sweet, strong poetry. How often we find that a composer has put absolutely no marks whatever, not even a *p* or *f*! Or he may have only put a *ff*. What are the unlucky players to do? How is it possible to accent a note or play it with expression, when barred by that unlucky *ff*? The pedant sits down and plays *ff* without any accent or expression whatsoever, and looks round with the virtuous proud smile of a Pharisee. This position, he thinks, is unassailable. He has done right—that is, he has tried to avoid doing wrong. But the true disciple cannot rest content. He would rather exaggerate than do nothing. His heart tells him that, when there is something wanting, it ought to be supplied.

Let him be bold and brave, but not too bold. When no accent or mark of expression, or signs, as *p* or *f*, are placed by the composer, that is no reason why the first or chief note should not be more or less slightly distinguished above the others. We perhaps may draw the line at Beethoven, who always means what he says. He also knows when to say nothing with effect. He may also wish to leave something to the pianist. Perhaps he may like a bar or two to be played quite indifferently, without any accent, crescendo or decrescendo—who knows? But I am sure he does not wish a subject to be mumbled or played indistinctly. You may whisper softly, Mother! but would you, even in the gentlest *ff* whisper, omit the accent on the first syllable?

Let us be natural, though artistic. But do not let us become artificial or pedantic. Rather shut up at once.

Unfortunately, here are again rocks ahead. Not all words have the accent on the first syllable. Likewise, also, not every first note of a bar need be positively accented. The second may be the better note, be it in length or pitch, and require a stronger accent, while the first may have to play second fiddle and be humble for once in its noisy life.

As in our English language there are words commencing with prefixes (*as dis*, *mis*, *in*, *un*, etc.), which are unaccented, so also the first note of a bar may be just in the same plight, and must therefore be treated like a short syllable. But mind, it has to be sounded distinctly, so as to be heard; because otherwise it may give a totally different aspect and meaning to the whole musical word. We must therefore, if it be a short note, set it off by an appropriate and expedient touch. If not a positive, it may be even a negative touch. It may merely be softer or shorter than the one on the note preceding or succeeding it. For instance—



Music is not a vague, indefinite thing, as some people suppose. All its rules, laws, principles, necessities, and expedients cannot at once be guessed at or divined by even superior talent. They

have, on the contrary, to be found out and conscientiously studied—learnt, in fact, by hard study—by habitual serious work. A great genius only finds them out instinctively; but even a great composer, of creative power, may be a very bad pianist, or, at all events, will often in some desperate or unlucky mood, perhaps on a bad piano, play his own most divine strains, occasionally with a wrong or inappropriate accent, and also a most incorrect, unsuitable touch, so as to deface and spoil them. The producer may not always be the best reproducer of his own ideas; an inferior talent may do it better. To be able to recreate is also a talent or genius, if of a secondary order; there is generally more method, system, and order in the performances of such a player; and the general effect is better, because the player makes the ideas of the composer stand out in bold relief. We may well call the touch of the bar the very spirit of order, precision, and punctuality. It watchfully checks slovenly ways, irregularities, half-hearted playing: it prevents misconception; clears the way through the musical forest, where people sometimes are unable to see the forest for all the trees, shrubs, and bushes. It also is a material help in keeping time.

This regular touch ought chiefly to be remembered and employed when reading first sight, as it at once assists in getting a pretty clear idea of the composition. In groups of 2, 3, 4, 6 notes, etc., be they crotchets, quavers, or semiquavers, it will always be expedient to give each first note with a distinguishing pressure of the finger. In common time it will be good to mark the first and third beat or count of each bar moderately. In half-common time only the first. In  $\frac{3}{4}$  and  $\frac{2}{4}$  likewise. In compound, triple, and common time  $\frac{3}{8}$ ,  $\frac{2}{8}$ ,  $\frac{4}{8}$ , I should mark the first of each three notes as a rule. As in reading first sight, it is best to proceed slowly and carefully, a greater number of distinguishing touches may be employed, than in actual performance, when for instance, in a quick movement, the marks must of necessity be but few. It is necessary to get into the habit of raising the finger or also the hand regularly before the commencement of a bar, and before the commencement of a detached group of notes, so that the fingers can properly execute the dictates of the intellect and will. This seems to lie in a nutshell. It is so simple, that it is generally disdainfully neglected; but it is so essential and necessary, that it ought to be done, and must be done, and no pains should be spared to make such a habit second nature!

Its advantage, in practising alone, is enormous. It at once makes the dark unknown clear. The melody or subject begins to stand out in a glaring light. Dark passages are illuminated by this spirit of brightness. It, of course, at first only shows the music "in the rough"; we see beauty unadorned, imperfectly dressed, but we see it. Practising is a totally different thing from playing or performing; it must of necessity be more or less unfinished, wrong, disorderly; the student sees as yet only in a glass, darkly. And there it is, that this touch of the bar, of the groups of notes, steps in, to throw bright light on bewildering dark abysses of passages, and to steer you safely through the water-waste and quicksands of sound.

The rule of the first is founded in nature. The law of nature says:—First best; first come, first served, best served. First is better than second or third or fourth. So also first ideas are generally the best, the freshest, while second or after-thoughts often lack this robust strength and freshness. The native hue of resolution is not always improved, but more often sickled over by the pale cast of thought. The first-bestness shows itself all through music.

There is indeed a second best part in music, for instance in common time, also in compound triple time ( $\frac{4}{8}$ ). This is the third beat of the bar. It even may be, musically speaking, the superior of the two, under certain circumstances, for instance, as here:—



when the third beat is a higher and therefore superior note to the first, more interesting and expressive. But this rather belongs to the science of expression, and will be treated more fully in the third book.

(To be continued.)

## HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, ETC.,

Taught by Correspondence,

BY  
MR. J. H. BRIDGER  
(SEN. HONS. CERT. T. C. L.).

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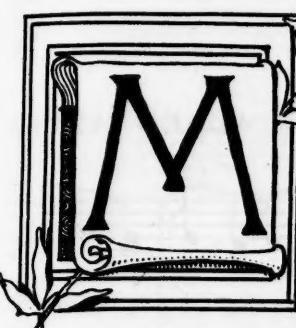


From a Photograph by Messrs Elliott & Fry.

*Anna Williams*



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# MAGAZINE OF MUSIC



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• SUPPLEMENT. •

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SEPTEMBER 1888.

WHERE THE THORNY BRAKE.

SONG.

G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

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ANDANTE FOR ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.

ALLEN ALLEN.



## VOLUNTARY FOR AMERICAN ORGAN OR HARMONIUM.

ANDANTE.

ALLEN ALLEN.

The musical score consists of five staves of music, each with a treble clef and a key signature of two sharps (F major). The first four staves are in common time (indicated by 'c'), while the fifth staff is in 6/8 time (indicated by '6/8'). The music is divided into measures by vertical bar lines. Various dynamics are indicated throughout the score, including *mp*, *f*, *p*, and *cresc.*. The score begins with a melodic line in the upper staff, followed by harmonic support in the lower staff. Measures 5-8 show a transition to a more rhythmic pattern with eighth-note chords. Measures 9-12 feature sustained notes and eighth-note patterns. Measures 13-16 show a return to the melodic line with eighth-note patterns. Measures 17-20 conclude the piece with a final melodic flourish.

M.  
LEN.  
f  
U  
D  
M.

The musical score consists of six staves of music for two voices (Soprano and Alto) and piano. The key signature is three sharps. The time signature varies between common time and 3/8. The vocal parts are mostly in soprano range, with some alto entries. The piano part provides harmonic support and rhythmic drive. The score includes dynamic markings such as crescendo (cresc.), decrescendo (decresc.), forte (f), piano (p), and pianississimo (pp). Articulation marks like staccato dots and slurs are also present. The vocal parts often sing eighth-note patterns, while the piano part features sixteenth-note chords and sustained notes.

# WHERE THE THORNY BRAKE.

From the 2<sup>nd</sup> Act of "Harold."

G. W. L. MARSHALL-HALL.

Somewhat Slowly.

Where the thorn-y brake Did from the world Our  
 moss-y couch con-ceal; Where the wild flowers hid, And soft-ly purled The  
 throstle's wild love peal; There

erst thy sweet breast on mine gent - ly pressed! Was I then dream-ing?

ALL.  
ur  
z  
The

dream I still? There thy soft eyes..... To mine did

rise..... Their deep em - bra - sure mirrord my love,..... As

cresc.

limp - ed a - zure Heav'n a - bove;.....

dim. p accel.

(with ever intensified passion.)

Am I not thine? Art thou not mine?  
*becoming faster.*

Life of my soul,..... soul of my life?..... As dips the

sun In yon - der main,..... My heart on

*dim. e rit.*

thine ..... Would soothe.....

*dim.*

A musical score for voice and piano, page 47. The score consists of four systems of music.

**System 1:** Treble and bass staves. The vocal line includes lyrics: "soothe..... its pain!.....". The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings **p** and **pp**.

**System 2:** Treble and bass staves. The vocal line continues with "Would soothe its pain.....". The piano accompaniment features eighth-note patterns.

**System 3:** Treble and bass staves. The vocal line is silent. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings **dim.** and **pp**.

**System 4:** Treble and bass staves. The vocal line includes lyrics: "Dreams! hap..py dreams O!". The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings **f**, **f**, **v**, **mf**, and **v**.

do not flee!—Ye are, I know, but dreams; stay,..... that awhile The

present be What now to us it seems! What now to us it seems!

Dreams! happy

dreams! O do not flee!